

E L I Z A:

HISTORY



Miss Granville.

E L I Z A:

Or, The HISTORY of

Miss GRANVILLE.

VOL. II.





OF THE HISTORY OF

Mrs GRAYVILLE

VOL. II



E L I Z A:
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Miss Granville.

By the AUTHOR of
INDIANA DANBY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY W. HOGGARD,

FOR

FRANCIS NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,
opposite *Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn;*

AND

JOHN NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,
in *St. Martin's Court, near Leicester-Square.*

MDCCLXVI.

ELLIZ A:
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
Miss Granville.

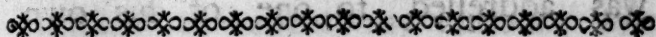
of
INDIAN


IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.

L O N D O N:
Printed by W. Hoagland,
FOR
FRANCIS NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,
opposite Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn;
AND
JOHN NOBLE, at his Circulating Library,
in St. Martin's Court, near Lincoln's Inn.
MDCCLXVI

ELIZA:

Or, The HISTORY of
Miss GRANVILLE.



(*Mrs. MANDÉVILLE'S History concluded.*)

N the morning before our intended journey, a person came to inform Mr. Mandeville, that a gentleman was at the
• inn in our neighbourhood and desired to see him. He was writing in his closet at the time, but no sooner heard the name of the person, than he instantly followed the messenger.

VOL. II.

B

Chance

Chance led me into his room when he was gone. In his hurry he had left his bureau open, and on it a letter, not quite finished. Female curiosity seized me at that instant. The first glance convinced me I had no cause for jealousy, for I saw it was addressed to one of his own sex, yet still I longed to read it. It does not surely contain any secret, thought I, to myself, or he would not have left it in this careless manner. There can, therefore, be no crime in my seeing it. 'Tis to some of his friends, I suppose. Most likely he will speak of his marriage, and what pleasure will it give me to find myself mentioned with affection! Oh, I must look at it, since such a proof as that

History of Miss Granville. 3

that will more than any thing convince me of the sincerity of his passion. To his friend he will speak the genuine dictates of his heart. Come then, thou dear confident, taking up the letter, tell me what he thinks of his bride.—Judge, ladies, if I had not reason to repent my curiosity when I read as follows:—

To Mr. CRAVEN.

Thou excellent schemer! let me worship thy superior genius.—The widow is mine—I bore her off with flying colours. But what less could be expected from my parts and person? Let the stupid race of elder brothers take their dirty acres, heavy and lumpish like themselves, we

B 2

juniors

4 *ELIZA: Or, the*

juniors will ever get the start of them in the good things of this life, though they stepped into the world before us.

O, *Jack*, how I long to laugh with you, while I relate the rise and progress of my courtship to this woe-be-gone widow!—*He that soweth in tears shall reap in joy.* I think that's scripture, is it not? But faith its a true saying, for all that. Ha—ha—ha, let me die if it is not one of the most pleasant adventures I ever met with in my life, bating the matrimonial part of it, but ways and means may be found to make even that fit easy, eh, *Jack*! Upon my soul, I thought you were building castles in the air, when you first advised me on this expedition. To think of attacking a
female

History of Miss Granville. 5

female in all the transports of her grief, for the inconstancy of a lover too! What could be hoped from such a project? Every thing you told me, and so it proved.

I watched the critical moment—let me take some merit to myself—got intelligence when her distemper was at the turn, seasonably lost my way, stumbled on her house, and then, by easy transitions, stole into her heart: easy I say, for a handsome fellow like me; yet, let me tell you, it required a good deal of address. You would have died with laughing at the grave face I put on the matter; such a sentimental, sober courtship!—Thank heaven the farce is over! No need of hypocrisy now, you know. I

B 3 am

6 *ELIZA: Or, the*

am married, and, consequently, may do as I please.

We are going to *London, en famille*. Confounded heavy baggage this same commodity called a wife! Only think of thy wild friend in the character of a married man!—Can you figure to yourself how it sits on me?—But come and see, I expect you will follow me to the dear bewitching town, where you shall be welcome to partake of my good fortune, for so I call it, though much inferior to my parts and merit; but it came at such a critical time, when the cursed dice had reduced me to—

So far had he wrote of his shocking letter, which filled me with sentiments that may more easily be imagined than

than expressed. For some moments I sat motionless, stupified with horror and amazement, till the voice of him, whom my evil stars had destined me for a husband, roused me from my mournful reverie. I heard him enquiring for me, upon which I hastily went to my own apartment, and, after a little consultation with myself, determined, as the most prudent course I could follow, to appear ignorant of his baseness, since an explanation would only make him the sooner throw off the mask of politeness, which decency would, perhaps, for some time longer, oblige him to wear in his behaviour to me. But, you may believe, it was with a very heavy heart I obeyed his summons

when he sent for me. I found a gentleman with him.

Mr. *Craven*—my most intimate friend, said he, introducing the stranger to me. I could not so far govern my resentment, as to express a welcome I was so far from feeling. Mr. *Mandeville* had too much penetration not to observe a coolness in my manner. He changed colour and left us abruptly, perhaps suspecting the cause.

He returned in a few minutes and asked, with apparent confusion, who had been in his closet? I left my desk open, said he, and find somebody has been examining my papers. I cannot suspect you, madam, of such an indiscretion, as thus impertinently prying

prying into my secrets—if I thought you could be guilty of such a piece of *femalijm*, added he, looking sternly at me, by heavens I never would forgive it.

I was terrified, but affected to smile, and, taking his hand, Do you, after the strict scrutiny your eyes have made, said I, discover any symptoms of guilt in my face? No, I am sure you do not. But you don't consider, that this bustle about your papers, is the ready way to raise a curiosity, however free I might be from it before, for what but writing to a mistress, could make you thus cautious about your letter? What say you, Mr. Craven, turning to him, have I not more than trifles light as air, to found my jealousy on?

Mr. *Mandeville*, now convinced by a behaviour so contrary to what might have been expected, had I really seen his cruel letter, regained his usual tranquillity, while necessity compelled me to continue the painful task of dissimulation, and to affect a serenity and cheerfulness, though my heart was weighed down with the most dreadful forebodings, that my misery was but commencing. Too just, alas! were my presages.

A few months shewed me my ungenerous husband in his true character, which was one of the most profligate that can be imagined. Interest was the sole motive of his marrying me, nor had he complaisance enough long to dissemble a tenderness he neither felt nor was capable of feeling.

Our

History of Miss Granville. 11

Our affairs were thrown into the utmost confusion by his extravagance, and we should, in a few years, have been reduced to a state of indigence, had not death seasonably freed me from my tormentor.

After his death I retired to this neat and pleasantly situated cottage, though more to retrieve my perplexed affairs, than with any fixed resolution of ending my days here; but I have found so much true satisfaction in this retirement, and a rational and steady devotion, that I believe I shall never leave it.

After all the follies and vicissitudes of an unfortunate life, I hope I am settled at last, and that heaven, by various trials, has at length taught me wisdom, and that nothing in this

world of misery is worthy of the eager pursuit, or can constitute the happiness, of a being formed for immortality.

Thus, ladies, have I ventured to tire your patience, by the relation of what I fear you will think the uninteresting events of my life; but the desire of obliging you, which was my sole motive for my relating my little history, must plead my excuse, if, instead of entertaining, I have tired you.

In this manner the fair widow ended her story, on which I shall make no comment, as I am already weary of writing.

Before we took our leave, we pressed her to favour us sometimes with her company at the *Castle*, and received a promise that she would. Her charming voice will be a most agreeable

History of Miss Granville. 13

agreeable addition to the little concerts with which we, sometimes, amuse ourselves. Would to heaven, my dear *Charlotte's*, too, were added to compleat the harmony! But wishes are vain. Adieu, my sweet friend, believe me ever,

Your,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.

OH, the poor harmless *Jenny*!—
She will certainly be ruined, if
Lady *Essex* does not take the pre-
caution of removing her out of the
reach of that gay seducer Captain
Archer. The man is seriously bent
to destroy her virtue—I could al-
most hate him—I know I ought, and
that his actions, in one of a less spe-
cious person and manner, would ex-
cite my horror.—Oh, seducing beauty!
how partial dost thou render us to
thy

thy possessors!—I believe I am cured of my passion, and shall henceforth make it my supplicatory prayer, From a rakish husband *good Lord deliver me!*—But, however, I need be under no apprehensions on that head at present, since I am in no danger of an offer of that nature from him.

Last night after tea, he made his exit, without informing us what expedition he was going upon.—I own I had a little curiosity to know, and as my friend left me soon after, to write some letters, I sallied forth, perhaps, in hopes of meeting with him. Several fields did I traverse in vain, but discovered him at last, walking hastily to join his nymph, who was singing and milking her cow, in company

pany of another lass. As they had taken their station near a thick hedge, a little curiosity tempted me to post myself behind it, where I could see and hear without fear of discovery—The girl blushed when she saw Captain *Archer*.

Proceed, my pretty warbler, with your sweet wild notes, said he, don't let me interrupt your song—Come, give me some milk.

She did so, curtsying, without lifting her eyes.—He chuckled her under the chin.

Sweet creature! said he, do you wash those soft white hands in milk, that they are so delicate?

No, surely, answered she, striving to disengage them from him.

Why

History of Miss Granville. 17

Why so coy? said he, I wont hurt you, child. Come, look up, and let me pay you for my treat. He took out his purse. There, added he, that's for the milk, and all the rest shall be yours for a few kisses.

No, thank your honour, cried she, I'll neither sell nor give them.

Then I must take them, returned he, flinging his arms round her waist. She screamed and called to her companion.

Little prude! said he, what do you squall for? Are *you* shy, too? turning to the other and giving her a kiss, before she was aware of what he was going to do. There, said he, looking at *Jenny*, you see your companion has some manners; she shall be my favourite now for her good nature.

So

18 *ELIZA: Or, the*

So she may, if you will, answered she, I have no mind to be served as *Peggy Jones* was.

Say you so, my pretty dear! said he, and how was she served? laughing and staring in her face. She blushed, and turned to leave him, taking up the pail.

Let that alone, said he; that delicate little body, and those sweet hands were never formed for labour.

I must go, said she. Pray your honour don't hinder me, my mother will scold for my staying so long.

Oh, never fear that, cried he, I'll go home with you, and doubt not but I shall soon pacify her.

Nay, I beseech you, sir, don't keep her longer, said her companion, its very late already.

Well.

History of Miss Granville. 19

Well then, Mrs. *Betty*, said he, do you beat your march, and she shall follow you in an instant: I have something to say to her. Tell her mother she has sprained her ankle, and could walk no faster. Here child, there's money for you to buy ribbons with. The girl refused his offer, and said she would not tell a lie, if he would give her all he was worth.

No? said he, that's strange indeed. But, perhaps, you don't like the bribe; added he, offering to kiss her, will this do better? *Jenny*, now finding herself at liberty, took to her heels, but he soon overtook and caught hold of her by the gown.

Silly rogue! said he, what does the girl squall for? — Why you are as wild as a hare, my sweet *Jenny*.

Let

Let me go, sir, said she, almost out of breath.

Not till you make it up with me, returned he, and take payment for your milk.

No, thank your honour, said she, struggling to disengage herself; you are very welcome to it for nothing, I want none of your money. He pressed her to accept it, but she persisted in her refusal, and, scornfully pushing away his hand, the money fell on the ground.—He called her a little termagant, and swore he would tame her before he had done with her, upon which she fell a crying. He seemed concerned, and tenderly wiped away the tears with his handkerchief, assuring her she should go, and that he was sorry to have frightened

History of Miss Granville. 21

ened her, but would be more gentle for the future, and that he was only in joke. Let's kiss and be friends, added he, and then you shall positively return to your mother.

She answered, she should be obliged to his honour for leave to go, but as to the kiss, Lady *Essex* had told her it did not become young women to allow such freedoms.

No! my sweet little prude, said he, smiling, where is the harm of it? Come, try, and I'll answer for the consequence. He caught her in his arms in speaking these words—There now, continued he, did I not tell you there was nothing in it? You'll not think so much of it, after a little practice; I'll be your tutor, shan't I, my sweet novice? staring at her.—She blushed,

22 *ELIZA: Or, the*

blushed, and again entreated him to let her go.

Go, then, said he, my dear Jenny, but first I insist on your accepting the money you flung down—it is yours. He urged her in vain, the good girl was honest enough to refuse it.

I am so pleased with her behaviour, that I am resolved to protect her against his seducing arts, and shall take the first opportunity to consult with Lady *Essex*, on proper measures for her security. Her virtue is the more commendable as her fortune is humble, and is assaulted by a man whose charms might seduce one who has ten times her advantages to secure her honour.

I have

History of Miss Granville. 23

I have this moment received a letter from Lady *Stratton*, which as I am impatient to read, I must bid you

Adieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

24 *ELIZA: Or, the*

LETTER XXV.

Lady LOUISA STRATTON, to Miss

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

PREPARE, my dear *Eliza*, to receive my brother, a brother, whom I love with the utmost tenderness. He will be with you almost as soon as this, which I write to bespeak your approbation of him.

What joy (a sensation for some time past but little known to me) did I not experience at seeing again this dear friend, after so long an absence!

You

LET

History of Miss Granville. 25

You know he has been abroad for some years on his travels, and, if my partiality does not blind me, he returns to us again with his natural sweetness of disposition improved by every accomplishment of the truly fine gentleman.—But let me not say too much, lest you should be disappointed when you see him.—Yet how can I restrain my pen on this agreeable subject! Seldom, alas! have I such to entertain you with.

Sir *John* would have accompanied Lord *Essex* in his journey to *R—*, but indispensable business detains him in town.—Oh, that his love for me would make this restraint sit easy on him! that his home had charms to render it desirable! but that has long ceased to be the case.

Where am I wandering! why do I indulge this melancholy theme! ungrateful, for the dawn of pleasure I am beginning to enjoy, from the presence of my aimiable brother!

Shall I describe his person?—No, lest I be tempted to flatter, though to me he appears perfectly handsome; but various are our ideas of beauty—you will, perhaps, be of a very different opinion—I will only, therefore, venture to answer for the goodness of his heart—a heart that I sincerely wish you may become mistress of, and sure I am you cannot fail of it, charming as you are in person and graceful in your manner—but beware of one thing, my lovely friend, if you should think it worth your while to make a conquest of him—that is of coquetry,

ry, for Lord *Essex* is a little singular in his way of thinking, and prefers a softness and gentleness of manners to all the fashionable airs and graces so much practised in the *beau-monde*. He himself, though possessed of a large share of wit, seeks more to cultivate his solid good sense, than that generally admired perfection; so that you will not find him much given to raillery, or the sprightly *bagatelle* of conversation, though, as I before said, nobody is more capable of shining in that way if he pleased. He has great sensibility, but his greatest fault is being rather a little too warm and hasty in his temper, which, however, he takes great pains to govern. As his passions are strong, I know, if he ever loves, it will be with violence and constancy;

his heart is incapable of slight attachments. I believe he will not be found an easy conquest, but when once so, the fervour and sincerity of his passion, will make amends for the trouble it costs you.

Adieu, my dear *Eliza*. My lord, I suppose, has by this time finished his letter to my mother, which informs her of his arrival in *England*. I must, therefore, leave you, that mine may be enclosed in the same cover.

Remember, I charge you, to love my brother, for the sake of

Your affectionate

LOUISA STRATTON.

L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Miss
CHARLOTTE LENOX.*

OH, *Charlotte*, he is come! — The man — the very man, that's made for love and me! — Alas! what do I say? Not for me, I fear, but for love I am sure he is. Where now are the vaunted charms of the once admired *Archer*? They vanish, they disappear, before the superior brightness of the inimitable *Essex* like — or rather I should say — as when — to introduce a simile properly — but without joking, I never saw any one to

30 *ELIZA: Or, the*

equal this same lord. What shall I do to make him think as favourably of me as I do of him? how behave to insinuate myself into his heart? for if he continues insensible I die.

Are you not amazed what is become of my indifference? My hatred to marriage? Have I then parted with the freedom I have so often triumphed in? Surprising change!—but 'tis all owing to the vile country—I always said retirement was dangerous.

What would I give to know his opinion of me!—I am sure I spared no pains to adorn my person on the day I expected to see him—but I am undone if he thought my dress too much studied, for he has such refined sentiments—such unaccountable, out-of-the-way notions, that I protest I
never

never in my life was so puzzled as to know how to proceed with him. What arms shall I use? — Smiles, ogling, trifling, and all the other weapons of coquetry, are here totally useless. What then shall I have recourse to? You, *Charlotte*, with all your soft, gentle airs would stand a ten times better chance than the lively, gay *Eliza*—he is so grave—Grave did I say? O, no, without that word conveys an idea of every thing that is graceful, and insinuating. The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon his lips, while the eloquence of angels flows from his persuasive tongue.—Here's bombast for you!—Oh love! it's well if I don't turn poets too, and convert my epistles into rhyme.

I this morning artfully endeavoured to sound Miss *Essex* to know if he had mentioned me to her — but, oh mortifying! not a syllable.—I cannot bear this suspense — three days together, and not able to guess whether he likes me or not!—Intolerable!—Yet is not this very doubt almost a certainty? for should not I have discovered it, had he any partiality? We are very clear-sighted on these occasions. Though the tongue is silent, the eyes never fail to be interpreters, and have not these spoke in my favour? Not one significant glance? Alas! *Charlotte*, I have been recollecting, and do not remember the least symptom. Stupid eyes! what signifies their brightness, while they are so inanimate? I am angry at him
and

and won't honour him with a word more—yes, my lord, I can be as indifferent as you.

I have talked to Lady *Essex* about our little villager. She was greatly alarmed—could not have believed Captain *Archer* would have been so base, as seriously to attempt to seduce her.—No?—good old lady!—what christian like charity!—She was, however, by what I told her, clearly convinced of the danger her charge would be in, if longer exposed to his pursuit, and has, accordingly, got her privately removed to a tenant's, at a distant part of her estate. How our beau relishes this piece of prudence I can't tell, but he dares not complain.

There is something capricious enough in my fate: Now I no longer wish to be distinguished by him, he has taken it into his head to be a little particular to me, perhaps to amuse himself in the absence of his rural flame; but I, regardless, as is too common with us, of the happiness in my power, am seeking that which, I fear, I shall never attain.—Nothing less than the valuable heart of the accomplished *Essex* will now satisfy my growing ambition.—O, *Charlotte*, what a glorious conquest would that be!

'Tis impossible to say enough of that aimable man, I should never tire of the pleasing subject, but I feel my pen unequal to the task of giving you a true idea of him.

Captain]

History of Miss Granville. 35

Captain *Archer's* assiduity, and what I once thought good-breeding, now appears troublesome and impertinent, since I have been accustomed to the superior ease, and graceful manner, of the other, who is the first man I ever met with that knew what it is to be truly polite.

Though he made a pretty long residence in *Paris*, yet is he not the least tinctured with that foppishness which too generally distinguishes our travelled gentlemen. He is an utter enemy to all ceremony, yet complaisant to every body. Lady *Essex* and his sister he treats in the same manner as he does me, which I think extremely aimiable, for we should never indulge too much familiarity, even with our most intimate friends and relations, lest it

insensibly degenerates into negligence and contempt.

What shall I say more of him? He is fond of reading, and no less so of company, as none knows better both how to feel and to communicate the sweets of society. His conversation is uncommonly agreeable. He has the art of adapting his discourse to the capacity of those he talks to. In short, he is esteemed by high and low, rich and poor, and more than esteemed by

Your affectionate

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, *to*
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

JOY to my matrimonised friend!

- Long may the well concerted union last,
And no dull care your blooming pleasures blast,
But every day may you in *Beaumont* find
New charms unfolding both in form and mind,
And that your raptures may have no allay,
May friendship last, tho' beauty's charms decay.
- Then may the progeny that soon shall rise,
Be as the mother fair, and father wise,
That when to heaven your spirits are resign'd,
A virtuous race may still adorn mankind.

Ha!

Ha!— ha!— ha!— Well may you laugh, *Charlotte*—such a poetess!— would you ever have dreamt of my singing out your epithalamium?

This strange country, and this, no less strange to me, little urchin *Cupid*, what metamorphoses are they not capable of effecting!—Yet don't be too much alarmed for me, I give you my word this is the first, and last, peice of rhyming I shall ever be guilty of—so now for plain prose. Permit me to relate a conversation I over heard this morning.

Overheard, *Eliza*? why you are become a strange listener of late, and you know the saying—

True, but I protest, my dear *Charlotte*, this was meerly accidental, and happened in the following manner.

My

My lord has a small building at some distance from the house, which is admired for the beautiful prospects from it. Here there is a library of books, chiefly of the poetical kind, as the situation gives an opportunity of comparing these copiers of nature, to that beautiful original, and thereby to form a judgment of the justness, or blemishes, of their descriptions.

Out of this summer-house opens a glass door to a small balcony, and in that was I seated, with a *Thomson's Seasons*, for my amusement, when I heard some voices in the adjacent room.

As the green silk curtains were drawn before the window where I was, I could neither see nor be seen, but I soon distinguished the persons who

who spoke to be Lord *Essex*, and Captain *Archer*. My curiosity was excited. Perhaps, thought I, (vain enough you'll say) my ladyship may be the subject. I know when a pair of females get together the other sex are frequently honoured with a place in their dialogues. But I was not a little disappointed when, on placing my ear conveniently, I heard my lord say—I am willing to believe, Mr. *Archer*, you are only playing the hypocrite on the fashionable side, that is to say, appearing worse than you really are, for would a man of honour deliberately enter into so iniquitous a scheme as this you have revealed to me?

Iniquitous! my lord, interrupted the other, what, a harsh construction do you put on a little harmless gallantry!

lantry! Let me die if I am not amazed to hear such antiquated notions, from a handsome young fellow like you. What has honour to do in this affair? you certainly mistake the nature of that quality.

Do I? said my lord, perhaps we have different ideas of it. I think to be honourable is to be strictly just in our dealing with our fellow creatures, consequently your attempting to injure this innocent girl is a breach of honour.

I injure her? cried the Captain, laughing—a great injury, to be sure, to raise a little obscure rustick from poverty and indigence to ease and affluence.

But what, said my lord, is she to forfeit for that distinction?—Her innocence and virtue.

And

And a very trifling sacrifice too, in my opinion, answered the other; her innocence we should give a more proper name to, by calling it ignorance, and surely that is no perfection, and her said virtue will be found of no greater value, and at best is but a very unprofitable commodity.

Yet, said my lord, you bid pretty high for it, when you would condescend to so unjustifiable an action, as you propose to attain it. Laugh and railly me as much as you please, perhaps if I thought proper I could combat with you at your own weapons, but whatever you may think, I look on this as a serious affair.

Oh! wondrous serious, to be sure, cried the captain; but tell me, my good stoical philosopher, how in the name
of

of fortune do you propose to linger out the stages of an insipid life, if you exclude gallantry from the list of your amusements? For myself, I swear I could not support my existence without the joys of love. And is it possible, *Harry*, that, with all that fire in your eyes, you should have no passions?—no sensibility?

No, it is not possible, answered my lord; I have, perhaps, too great a share of both; but my reason was given me to keep them within bounds. I would exalt my nature as high as possible, and not suffer it to sink to a level with the brutes. No body is more sensible to the charms of beauty, but neither my honour nor religion will suffer me to corrupt helpless innocence.—Indeed I have little inclination
to

to destroy the only charm that makes woman desirable.

Let me die if ever I heard the like, cried the captain. Never, my dear *Harry*, venture to utter these refined sentiments before the ladies; for, if you do, in spite of the charms nature has wasted on you, they will never endure such virtuous notions as yours. They love a rattling, wild fellow; a rake, for all their pretended prudery, is an universal favourite.

So let him remain for me, said my lord; I do not envy him the distinction of a certain race of females. Were it one of these you were in pursuit of, I would not take the pains to dissuade you from it, because their minds, if not their persons, are already depraved. But this girl, who has virtue, and that virtue

all

History of Miss Granville. 45

all that she possesses in this life of any value, her I will protect. As a defenceless innocent, as the child of my tenant, whom I look on as parts of my family, she claims my succour; and, by heavens, she shall have it, against you, and every one that would injure her.

You speak with warmth, my lord, said Mr. *Archer*. I don't know how I should brook such language from any but yourself: I should be sorry to differ with you about a trifle, yet I must take the liberty to tell you, I will not be controuled in my pleasures by any one. I should be loth to push things to extremity; but if I am forced to it, you shall have no reason to doubt my courage, and I will convince you that what I dare do, I dare justify.

Your

Your courage! cried my lord, his voice a little raised; you boast, sir, but remember I will not be insulted. Mine, I fancy, has been as fully proved as yours; for though the sword is not my profession, it shall not be found a useless ornament, if insolence compels me to draw it.

My lord, said Captain *Archer*, mildly, we are both to blame; this is carrying things too far. I do assure you, nothing but absolute necessity will ever oblige me to use that weapon against the man I glory to call my friend.

Forgive me, dear *Archer*, said my lord, I was too hasty. My temper is naturally warm, and frequently hurries me into actions repugnant to my principles. Duelling is a crime against which my religion and conscience have

too

History of Miss Granville. 47

too often remonstrated in vain. I have, from a cowardly fear of the censure of a misjudging world, been frequently engaged in rencounters of that nature, which are hardly to be avoided without more calmness than I am master of; but I am always severely punished by the remorse that is the necessary attendant on such unjustifiable actions. Thank heaven, I have yet escaped the horror of having been the death of my antagonist; but I have not yet so far conquered my prejudice, as to be able, for the future, to resolve against the crime, though, in my cooler moments, I am sometimes half determined, in spite of the difficulty, to govern my passions, and despise unjust censure. For ought we not to look upon that man as mad, who dares, rashly

48 *ELIZA: Or, the*

rashly and unprepared, rush into the presence of his offended maker? And is he not inexcusably cruel, to precipitate his fellow-creature, for a meer punctilio of pride, into that dangerous situation?

'Tis too true, answered Mr. *Archer*; this action so commonly, so unfeelingly practiced, will but ill bear the test of reason; but who would not risque every thing rather than forfeit his honour, or live in infamy?—Death—any thing is to be preferred to that.

Death, I'll allow you, is, said my lord, but then that something *after* death must give us pause—but enough on a subject that, though often discussed, has produced no change—Things go on just in the old way. But as to this girl, I hope you will oblige me,

me, and forego a momentary pleasure, that will, sooner or later, fill you with repentance and remorse.

I will think of it, replied the other, and do what I can, but remember I make no rash promises. If you knew what love was, you would commend my prudence in that—you do not know how you would act yourself in my situation.

If I was in love, do you mean? said my lord. Yes, I will tell you how I would act; I would make use of a very effectual remedy, as you will allow—matrimony.

Matrimony! exclaimed Mr. *Archer*, laughing; all of a piece, like yourself. Yes, yes, a very effectual remedy, I allow it to be, for love, indeed; but, *entre nous*, *Harry*, the remedy is ten times

VOL. II. D times

50 *ELIZA: Or, the*

times worse than the disease. May I ask, who you have pitched upon as your future physician ?

Oh time enough for that, answered my lord, when I am attacked with the disease, at present I am pretty free from any symptoms of it.

Mind that, *Charlotte*,

Are you ? said Mr. *Archer* ; I wonder at that, when you are exposed to the fire of Miss *Granville*'s bright eyes. I can tell you I begin to dread some danger from them. How think you she would relish, if dished up as a wife ?

How I trembled, dreading his answer !

We will talk of her some other time, answered my lord, it is almost two o'clock, and a person is to call on me at that hour about business. Miss

Granville

History of Miss Granville. 51

Granville is a charming girl, I have no objections, as we walk to the house, to your prosecuting a subject, that, I doubt not, from your acknowledged partiality for her, is agreeable to you. So saying, they both, just when the conversation was becoming interesting, cruelly left me in suspense.

Miss Granville is a charming girl—And is that all?—But does she charm you? is the point.—What would I give to have heard the remainder of their conversation!

Adieu, dear *Charlotte*, I am quite fatigued with writing. My respects to your mama, *Miss Temple*, and your dear Mr. *Beaumont*. My best wishes attend you both.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.]

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

I AM under the most dreadful apprehensions, my dear friend, for the safety of Lord *Essex*. Oh, that vile *Archer*!

Very early this morning he rode out, attended by two servants. My lord was no sooner informed of it, than he ordered his horses to be got ready, and, without staying to breakfast, indeed before the rest of the family were up, set off full-gallop in pursuit of him.

As

History of Miss Granville. 53

As I could but too well guess on what expedition the captain was gone, you may believe I have spent a very uneasy, tedious day, though I durst not communicate my apprehensions to my lady or Miss *Essex*, for fear of alarming them, when, perhaps, the bad consequences I feared, might not happen. Restless and disquieted, I was every moment running to the windows, in hopes of seeing them return, but night approached and no Lord *Essex*. —At last, when it was almost dark, we were surprized with the noise of a carriage. My heart beat with unusual emotion. Oh heavens, thought I, he is wounded, or why did he not return on horse-back as he went? Anxious, yet dreading to know the worst, I ran to the door, which I had scarce opened,

when *Jenny*, pale, and in tears, appeared—I screamed involuntarily, and starting back, cast myself into a chair, almost breathless. The girl went to my lady, and, before she had time to express her amazement, at the sight of her, fell at her feet, conjuring her to pity, and forgive her, for she was innocent of what had happened; and taking out a note, delivered it to my lady, who desired me to read it to her.—The contents were as follow—

“ Do not be alarmed, dear madam. Mr. *Archer* will, I hope, be brought to hear reason. Fear nothing, I will be discreet and govern my temper.

“ Receive, without anger or upbraiding, your humble god-daughter, whom I have had the good fortune to rescue from

from danger—*Jenny* is innocent—afford her then your generous protection, and oblige your &c.

HENRY ESSEX."

Oh, *Charlotte*, how I tremble for the event!—the girl has been questioned about the particulars of this affair.

She says, that about twelve o'clock this morning, as she was alone in a field, at a little distance from farmer *Brown's*, the person she was boarded with, Captain *Archer*, with two attendants rode up to her; that, terrified at the sight of him, she ran towards the house, but he soon overtook, and endeavoured to persuade her to go with him, which, when she positively refused, he ordered one of his servants

to take her up behind him; that he immediately did so by force, and rode off with her, but to what part of the country she could not tell; that on her way she met one of the farmer's servants, to whom she called for assistance, but the captain threatened him in a resolute voice, commanding him to keep his distance, and endeavoured to sooth her, bidding her not be frightened, and then proceeded on their journey for several hours, till he at last stopped at an inn, ordering his servants to have his horses in readiness in about an hour; that they had not been long in the house, when a gentleman entered the room, where they were, whom, *Jenny* says, she soon recollected to be Lord *Essex*; upon which she flung herself

herself at his feet and implored his protection. Mr. *Archer* arose in a passion, and talked with great vehemence; but his lordship answered with calmness, which but the more exasperated the captain, who put his hand on his sword. Still Lord *Essex* did not lose the command of his temper, but reasoned with him in the mildest manner; but, as the other continued obstinate, his patience was at last exhausted, and he said he could no longer bear to be insulted; upon which the other drew his sword, declaring his readiness to give him satisfaction. Before they engaged, my lord ordered *Jenny* to go into another apartment, which she did, where, in about a quarter of an hour, he joined her, giving her a note to de-

liver to Lady *Effex*, then putting her into a post-chaise, ordered his servant to attend her to the castle. This is all we at present know of the affair.

I cannot help being a little surprized, that Lady *Effex* and her family should so very much interest themselves in what concerns this little obscure girl. To be sure, we ought to love our neighbours as ourselves, poor, as well as rich, but from many circumstances of their behaviour to her, I am persuaded there is some mystery in the affair.

Adieu, my dear *Charlotte*, I am half dead with apprehension. What a night shall I pass !

Yours, ever,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

L E T.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to

Mrs. BEAUMONT.

REJOICE with me, my dear *Charlotte*! Lord *Essex* is returned in safety! I could hardly restrain myself from running to embrace him, and envied Lady *Essex* and his sister that pleasure, since their joy could not equal mine.

As soon as the first congratulations were over, he, in a most graceful manner, entreated her ladyship to pardon his friend. Poor *George*, said he, durst

60 *ELIZA: Or, the*

durst not appear before you, till I had pleaded for his forgiveness. I beseech you to restore the penitent delinquent to your favour. Do not punish him too severely, for a fall of ungovernable passion. Permit me to lead him to you, he waits in the hall with fear and trembling, for the issue of my suit in his behalf. May he venture to approach ?

I do not know, answered my lady, I am so rejoiced at your safety, that there is no room in my breast for resentment ; yet such is his crime, that I fear it is a guilty weakness, scarce justifiable, so easily to forgive ; but if he is, as you would persuade me, a true penitent, let him come, I do not refuse to see him. His lordship waited for no more but bowing, immediately left

History of Miss Granville. 61

left us, and, in a few minutes, returned with the captain.

A silly figure, this once gay wretch now made; so debasing, so humbling is guilt. He would have knelt to Lady *Essex*, but she prevented him, suffering him, at the end of a long incoherent apology, to kiss her hand.

I have played the truant from virtue, said he, but am punished for it. My heart condemns me, and your goodness in pardoning me, only adds to my shame, at having so justly merited your displeasure. I could never have prevailed on myself to have appeared before you, after what has happened, but that I was unwilling to leave a place where I am in hopes, by the noble example of my friend, to become more worthy of the relation-ship

I shall

I shall ever boast of, to so every way accomplished a family.

My lady took notice of his arm being in a sling, and he blushed.

You see the effect, madam, said he, of a very unequal combat, wherein justice, and superior skill, were, as they ever ought to be, crowned with conquest.

The wretch was wounded in the sword-arm, or the duel might not have ended without more dreadful consequences.

I am pleased, said my lady, to hear you so frankly condemn yourself; it is a proof you are not hardened in your guilt. I should hope, that the rash action you have committed, and which might have been attended with the most fatal effects, will teach you more
dis-

discretion for the future. You not only injured me, sir, by endangering the life of my son, but in attempting to seduce a girl, who, from reasons which you are ignorant of, is particularly dear to me. I would, indeed, have protected, to the utmost of my power, any one in her situation, but her birth gives *Jenny* a double claim to my affection.

Her birth! interrupted Capt. *Archer*, with surprise.

Yes, sir, answered my lady. That is yet a secret to herself, and to all but my family. I have carefully concealed it, lest, from the knowledge of it, she should raise her views too high for the humble station she has been accustomed to, and in which she must be content to remain.

No,

No, cried Mr. *Archer*, I will make her amends for the injustice of fortune, which has placed so much virtue and beauty in obscurity. Favour me, dear madam, with the knowledge of her birth; nothing but the meanness of that could have prevented my long since acknowledging a passion for her, which she need not have blushed to encourage. I am not, I own, able to divest myself of the prejudice of custom, which has taught us to set a value on the distinction of birth; and though I know it is but an imaginary one, my pride would never, I fear, have permitted me, well as I loved her, while I believed her to be what she appeared, to think of her as a wife; but if—

Ah,

History of Miss Granville. 65

Ah, sir, interrupted Lady *Essex*, I fear the knowledge of what she really is will not be favourable to her; tho' it would be injustice to punish the child for the crime of its parents.

I understand you, madam, said he, she is not legitimate; but may I not know to whom she owes her birth?

My son will inform you, replied Lady *Essex*—spare me on the disagreeable subject.

Lord *Essex* and Mr. *Archer* immediately left us, while I was dying with curiosity to be let into the secret. Miss *Essex* guessed as much, and desiring me to take a walk with her, kindly discovered it to me.

Some years before the late Lord *Essex* died, a distant relation of his of small fortune, was, at his desire,
taken

taken into the family as a companion to his daughters. She was, it seems, very handsome, and had a most insinuating manner, so that she soon became a favourite with my lady, but much more so with my lord—I have not time to tell you the particulars at present, but you may guess, from what I have said, that *Jenny* is natural daughter to Lord *Essex*. Her imprudent mother died a few days after producing that convincing testimony of her guilt. Lady *Essex* behaved generously on the occasion, and, has ever since, been a friend to the pretty orphan. Adieu—

Yours, in haste,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, *to*
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

OUR little villager, no longer simple *Jenny*, but *Miss Thornton* and a blooming young lady, now she has changed her shepherdesses attire, for a dress more becoming the rank she will soon shine in; is attended by proper masters, who are to teach her a few of the modish accomplishments, which are all that is wanting to render her perfectly charming, as she has from nature an uncommon share of wit, and a surprizing understanding,

standing, considering how little it has been cultivated.

Captain *Archer* doats on her, and no wonder, for since I have had an opportunity of conversing with her, I am in some doubt whether she is not too good for him.—How his eyes sparkle when he hears her commended, or when she acquits herself with gracefulness in any of the lessons of good breeding that are taught her!—He has taken upon himself the pleasing task of teaching her music, as she has a very sweet voice, and good ear. You would be pleased to see with what grateful pleasure she receives his instructions—I am convinced she loves him with a passion equal to his own, and make no doubt but they will be

an

an uncommonly happy pair. Their marriage is delayed, at her desire, till she has, by the genteel society she is now admitted to, a little worn off the rusticity of her country education.

I shall never, said she to him one day, be worthy of the honour you intend me, but a sense of that will render me the more grateful for the favour, and be continually exciting me to the pleasing endeavour of obliging you in my turn.—He made no answer to this endearing speech, but clasped the amiable girl to his breast with unspeakable rapture—Oh, *Charlotte*, they are very happy, while I am still in painful suspense.

I am preparing, my dear friend, to pay you your requested visit. Believe me, you cannot be more impatient than

than I am for that happiness.—Miss *Essex* does not accompany me, as Lady *Stratton* is expected, perhaps Sir *John* too; Oh let me then hasten to you for protection!

He has not wrote to me for some time past. Yet I dare not hope he has conquered his guilty passion—I fear the thoughts of seeing me so soon is the only cause of his silence—Would to heaven it were from better motives!

Shall I own I feel some regret at the thoughts of leaving Lord *Essex*?

Oh, *Charlotte*, did I not charge you to keep your post? But matrimony has made you negligent, and a rival has stolen a part of that heart, that was once wholly yours—yet is not my friend-

History Miss Granville. 71

friendship diminished, for, in spite of
love, I am, and ever will be,

Your,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LET

72 *ELIZA: Or, the*

LETTER XXXI.

Lord ESSEX to Lady LOUISA

STRATTON.

OH the pretty female curiosity! I understand you, my dear sister, those hints, with regard to Miss *Granville*, is only more sily asking if I am not in love? Now tell me what kind of answer you would like, and you shall have it—aye, or no—Pho, you cry, answer me seriously—we females do not like to be trifled with, when we set ourselves to find out a secret.

Well

History of Miss Granville. 73

Well then, to oblige you, my dear lady *Stratton*, I will enter on my confession, yet trembling, lest you should not absolve me, if you find me such a heretic as to deny the divinity of the little god, and that I have not yet submitted to his power.—Amazing, you will say, to have conversed so long with the charming *Eliza*, and yet to continue insensible! Will you not accuse me of unfeeling stupidity? —Stay my dear sister, do not form too rash a judgment of me, I plead not guilty—for, from the first moment I beheld your friend, I was prejudiced in her favour—Could it be otherwise, lovely as she is?—But then you know I am vain enough to set some value upon my heart, and would not rashly dispose of it, till time had made me

more sensible of the merit of the object. It is true, Miss *Granville* is beautiful, but a dash of coquetry in her manner, a little disgusted me on our first acquaintance, as I have, perhaps, singular ideas of what I call an accomplished woman; for affected airs and levities, are not by me ranked in the number of her perfections. For sometime, therefore, I could boast of some degree of indifference, but by daily proofs of her good sense, it began to yield to tenderness and sensibility. What I at first thought levity, was now converted into wit and vivacity. Fewer airs would, I thought, render her less charming. In short, every thing she did—was wisest, gracefulest, discreetest, best. And I now feel the most fervent passion for her

History of Miss Granville. 75

her, but it is still confined to my own breast, as I, till very lately, had entertained a suspicion, that our gay cousin *Archer* was not indifferent to her; but I am now happily undeceived, and shall take the first favourable opportunity of making her an offer of my hand and fortune—my heart she is already mistress of. Wish me success, my dear Lady *Sratton*, my happiness or misery depends upon her answer—Is this confession satisfactory, or shall I enlarge on the agreeable subject? Shall I, if it is possible, describe to you, the delightful sensations my heart experiences, from a passion it has, till now, been a stranger to? A passion that gives a double relish to every pleasure? No, those new-born sentiments are not to be expressed: Nor need

they to you, who know them by sweet experience, since love, as well hymen, presided at your union with Sir *John*, and, I flatter myself, has not yet deserted either of you.

Your intended visit is impatiently expected by us all. Hasten it, my charming sister, and supply to me, in some measure, the loss of my *Eliza*, who is going to leave us for a few weeks—an age to a lover. You must permit me the privilege of one, and suffer me to beguile her tedious absence by often making her the subject of my conversation. The friendship you express for her, will render that sort of discourse the less impertinent to you.

Sophia writes by the same post, I will therefore leave to her, the relation of a love adventure, which has produced

History of Miss Granville. 77

duced an unexpected change in our Cousin *Archer*. He talks of quitting the army, as his elder brother's death has rendered it no longer necessary as a provision. And as the thoughts of matrimony have already weakened his passion for the cockade and shoulder-knot, he will be less anxious for a good reception among the ladies, when metamorphosed into "*Benedick*, the married man."

Adieu, my dear sister, assure Sir *John* of my best wishes, and believe me, with great sincerity, your friend and affectionate brother,

HENRY ESSEX.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX.

NEVER, my dear *Scphia*, were there a more amiable happy pair, than my late swain, and our *Charlotte*. I assure you her behaviour has such a mixture of tenderness and modesty in it, that I am quite charmed with her, nor could I have believed, *Mr. Beaumont* to be so very sensible and agreeable, as I find he is. *Harriot Temple*

Temple declares him a perfect *Emilius*, but I could name a certain person of our acquaintance, who much more deserves that character—Though I would not have you attempt to guess who I mean.

We live quite in the rural taste here. *Mr. Beaumont* is a kind of gentleman farmer. At his lady's request he has purchased an estate near her mother's, and the year is to be divided between this, and his other in *B———*. Both *Charlotte* and he have an aversion to *London*, so that dear town is to engross no part of their time.

As he justly thinks every place must be disagreeable without employment, he is very diligent in the improvement of his estate, tho' less from motives of interest than pleasure. He will make

the country round him a perfect paradise, in a few years. Romantic by nature, a very little art, directed by judgment, will render his grounds enchanting. There are hills, from which are the most delightful and extensive prospects, beautiful plains, woods, rocks and cascades; in short, a most pleasing variety, every where diverts the eye.

Mr. *Beaumont* not only makes his life agreeable to himself, but useful to others, as he employs a great number of hands, that would otherwise be idle and indigent. His people are at present very busy in hay-making, nor is their master unemployed. And will you not laugh, when I tell you, that in defiance of frogs (you know my fondness
for

History of Miss Granville. 81

for those dear creatures) and even in spite of what a fine lady would much more dread, tanning, I sometimes, shepherdes like, condescend to handle the rake, but almost as awkwardly as our rural nymphs upon the stage. Not so *Charlotte*; dextrous at every rural employment, she takes a pleasure in every thing that suits the taste of her husband. We frequently dine under a canopy of shady trees, with few attendants and less ceremony; in short, *Pembroke's Arcadia*, now begins to exist in reality. *Charlotte* and *Harriot* are not inferior in beauty and innocence to *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, nor is *Musidorus*, much disparaged by comparing him to *Beaumont*; but some other characters are wanting to com-

pleat our drama, and to whom shall I compare my ladyship?—Alas, in spite of good examples, I am still neither more nor less than Miss *Granville*, with all her follies and imperfections, as predominant as ever.

Is your time so wholly engrossed by the company of your guests as that you cannot spare a few moments to write to your friend? I am half angry with you, *Sophia*. Do you imagine I have no curiosity to hear how you go on? Sit down immediately, when you have read this, and give me a full and particular account of what passes at the castle.—How my dear Lady *Stratton* does, your mother, Miss *Thornton*, and—and—and—no—it does not signify.

Adieu.

History of Miss Granville. 83.

Adieu: Imagine a thousand pretty compliments from *Charlotte*, and believe me, dear *Sophia*,

Yours,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Miss
ELIZA GRANVILLE.

I Dropped your letter in the garden, my dear *Eliza*, not on purpose, you may believe, and who should find it but my brother! He brought it to me.

Take more care of your billet-doux, *Sophia*, said he, it might have fallen into the hands of people who, perhaps, would have had curiosity enough to read it.

And did not you? said I.

I can-

I cannot forgive you that question, answered he, seriously. I would not wish to think so meanly of you, as to suppose you judge from what you would have done yourself on the like occasion; for, surely, my dear sister would not have been guilty of so inexcusable a fault, as to pry into other people's secrets.

Well, dear brother, cried I, I stand corrected. I know your uncommonly delicate way of thinking, and will endeavour to profit by it. But would you not have experienced some little struggle in acting up to your principles, added I, smiling, had you known that this same epistle is from your admired *Eliza*?

No, answered he, were I sure she had even honoured me with a place in
it.

it. I would not wish to know her sentiments, though in my favour, otherwise than from her own generous unconstrained declaration.

But what am I doing, *Eliza*? Heedlessly betraying his secrets: For are you not ignorant of his passion for you?—Dear *Harry* forgive me! In spite of all your lessons, I find I am still a mere woman.—Come then, my erring pen, chuse another subject.

I am extremely uneasy, my dear friend, at the behaviour of Sir *John Stratton* to my sister. Oh, *Eliza*! I fear she is not happy!—Was he cool and indifferent to her, when you lived with them? In spite of his artful caution, and her amiable prudence, I see, too visibly, he no longer loves her. Should my brother discover this, I
know

know not what would be the consequence, for you have seen proofs of the warmth of his temper, and he has an uncommon friendship for Lady Stratton. Thank heaven my mother appears to have no suspicion of any change in her son-in law—for my part I am miserable about it — perhaps I judge too rashly—but, surely, he is much altered in his temper; from gay and sprightly, he is become pensive, and gloomy, nay sometimes, even before me, peevish and ill-natured.— How do I pity my dear sister! Lovely as she is in her person, and so every way amiable, does she not merit a better fate?— Who would have expected such consequences from an union where the passion of both was so fervent? — Sir *John*, I remember, was the
most

most passionately tender lover in the world—but that abominable matrimony!—I am afraid our amiable *Jenny* will make but a bad exchange of her freedom, for a husband who has been so gay and wild; but at present nothing can equal the happiness of both.—My sister is charmed with her, so indeed is every one that sees her, for she has already acquired so great a share of ease and politeness, that none would ever guess the first part of her education had been so humble.

Sir Charles Bellmour and his family are come to spend a few months at his seat in our neighbourhood. He is a widower, and has only one daughter. She is very plain, but very sensible, they tell me.—Was it ever otherwise, with a woman of fortune?

If

History of Miss Granville. 89

If she is not handsome, she is sure to be complimented as mighty agreeable and witty. But to speak my real sentiments of Miss *Bellmour*, she is neither one nor the other.

I am in love with the description you give of your manner of living.—Heigh—ho!—*Charlotte* could not fail to be happy. Make a suitable return from me to her compliments.

Adieu, my dear *Eliza*—My mother and brother anxiously wish your return, as does,

Your Affectionate,

SOPHIA ESSEX.



L E T.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

Congratulate me. — Oh *Charlotte!*
I am the happiest of women!
None of my sex was ever blessed
with such a lover! Heavens! how
have I ever deserved such a distinguish-
ing favour? Deserved! did I say? —
Impossible! — but I will study to make
myself more worthy of the heart of
this accomplished man — or rather he
will make me so — his conversation,
his

History of Miss Granville. 91

his charming example—he has opened a new world to me—I knew nothing, had no true idea of beauty, or perfection, till I became acquainted with my *Effex*.—Oh how powerful is a pure, genuine passion!—How does it exalt our nature! All my levities, my foibles are weakened. Can it be otherwise, since it is natural to copy the manners of the person beloved? and who ever had such an original? What adds to my felicity, is the approbation of Lady *Effex* and her daughter.—Shall I not be too happy in such friends, and such a husband? At present the renewed persecution of my enemy Sir *John*, is the only alloy to my pleasure.—Poor Lady *Stratton*!

I must

I must leave you abruptly, my dear
Charlotte—Sir *Charles Belmour* and his
daughter are come to pay us a visit.

Adieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



L E T.

LETTER XXXV.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

REparations are making for the wedding of Captain *Archer* and his fair *Jenny*. I have had a small difference with my lord on the occasion. He hinted that a double marriage would be very agreeable. I don'tk now how it was, but some symptoms of my former character began to shew themselves. I was a little capricious, but in reality, rather to follow the example of my sex, who, one and all, love to exercise the patience of their admirers,

admirers, than from any dislike I had
 to his proposals. My lord was seri-
 ous—I thought proper to trifle—a
 little unseasonably, as I found to my
 cost. He bore with my levity a good
 while, but at last was visibly displeased,
 upon which I began to change my
 conduct, smiled, and held out my hand
 to him, but instead of seizing it with
 raptures, he hastily left the room—I
 was mortified and burst into tears—
 We did not speak to each other for
 several hours, but pouted and were as
 sullen as you please.—What a day!—
 I was sure the night would, if possible,
 be more miserable, if a reconciliation
 did not take place, yet was too proud
 to make the first advances. Luckily
 for us both, Miss *Effex* took notice of
 [our uncommon gravity, and, desirous
 to

History of Miss Granville. 95

to know the cause, asked me to take a walk with her.

We had not been two minutes together when I saw my lord approaching. I had just begun making my complaint to her. The subject, and my lover's sudden appearance, so much affected me, that I could not restrain my tears. This was too much. He had approached me with an air of affected indifference, but the scene changed in an instant. He cast himself at my feet, pressed my hand to his lips, and in the most earnest manner implored my forgiveness. Could I refuse it?—He was permitted, by the entreaties of his sister, joined to his own more powerful one's, to compleat our reconciliation by a kiss, and so the doughty quarrel ended.—And now I

am

96 *ELIZA: Or, the*

am to take his request into consideration, and to endeavour to reconcile myself to the thoughts of becoming a bride at the same time with Miss *Thornton*.—Lady *Essex*, *Sophia*, in short every body is on my lord's side.—Well, if it must be so—why—I can't help it.—May I but be as happy as you, my dear *Charlotte*, and I shall never have cause to repent. Adieu. Believe me

Your

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LETTER XXXVI.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to Mrs.
BEAUMONT.

THE Wedding is over—don't mistake, not mine, it was impossible in so short a time to get my cloaths, &c. ready, for such an early day, and what woman would consent to marry without the usual parade that is, by some, thought the most desirable part of it? But, seriously, we found the writings and other important matters, could not, as we are at such a distance from town, be finished in time, for my lord and me

to keep the captain and his fair one in countenance. My lord could hardly govern his temper on the occasion, and was a little severe on the honest lawyers, and the degeneracy of men that made them necessary. Some good things were said on that head, but I will not attempt to repeat them, lest I should not do his sentiments justice.

Sir *Charles Bellmour*, and his daughter were present on the occasion. That young lady has thought proper to discover a great many perfections in your friend, and professes a violent friendship for me, but I dare not believe she is sincere, for I am much mistaken if she is not my rival—you smile—but, upon my word, I have all the reason in the world to think so from her behaviour.

haviour.—I cannot, indeed, say I am much alarmed at it, since the poor girl is not formed to give one any violent apprehensions in affairs of this nature; yet is she happily blind to the imperfections of her person—happily I say, for if she thinks herself handsome, it is almost as well for her as if it were true, as the large fortune she possesses, will not fail to gain admirers enough to prevent her being undeceived.

Miss *Essex* was the first that made me remark the partiality she discovered for her brother. Upon my word I am half ashamed of her indiscreet fondness for him, which she takes very little pains to conceal. She is one of those who affect to be very lively, and

on the strength of that, says and does a great many silly things, then accuses herself of being the giddiest creature in the world.

Dear Miss *Essex*, will she sometimes cry, do not you think me half wild? I always speak what comes uppermost, and find it impossible to rein in my too great vivacity. I wish I had a little of your gravity. Is not this diverting, *Charlotte*?—Too much vivacity!—Poor Miss *Bellmour*! Do not be so satyrical upon yourself. To do you justice you have not the least reason to complain on that head, for after all your efforts to appear lively, stupidity will be predominant.

I have

History of Miss Granville. 101

I have this morning been chusing patterns of silks for my approaching nuptials. My heart flutters—the day draws near that will render my future life either extremely happy or miserable.—But begone my apprehensions—is not the man Lord *Essex*? Oh, can I wish for more?

Adieu, my dear *Charlotte*, fail not, though I sometimes do through haste, to present my respects to Mr. *Beaumont*, and the rest of your agreeable family. If travelling is not inconvenient, you may believe I should rejoice to have you present at the important event that is soon to take place——Oh! *Charlotte*!——I deal mightily in oh's of late—but with-

out any more of them at present.
I once more bid my dear friend a-
dieu.

ELIZA GRANVILLE:

Adieu, my dear Charlotte, till not
though I sometimes do through haste,
to present my respects to Mr. Beau-
mont, and to your agreeable
family. If writing is not uncon-
venient, you may believe I should re-
joice to have you present at the im-
portant event that is soon to take
place.—Oh! Charlotte!—I deal
mightily in o's of late—but with-

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

OH! *Charlotte!* I am half di-
tracted.—What have I done?

—Speak, my ever amiable *Effex!*

Kill me not with the cruel suspense!—

Alas! he neither hears, nor would he
answer me if he did.—How shall I

describe my torturing situation?—

Good heavens! what can be the cause
of this surprising change? Does he
no longer love me?—Impossible!—

His noble nature cannot be guilty of falsehood.—But why then does he shun me? Why this cruel silence?—What have I done to incur his displeasure?

Charlotte, I shall die with grief—my dear *Effex*, for some time past, has been a prey to melancholy.—He avoids me, when I would seek an explanation—I am no longer deemed worthy of his confidence—he even avoids looking at me, and if by chance our eyes meet, his are hastily withdrawn with a kind of horror. In vain I weep, his once gentle breast is steeled against my woe. What a surprising change!—Lady *Effex* and her daughter fruitlessly endeavour to penetrate into the mystery; he always leaves them abruptly, when they begin to question him on the subject.

For-

Forgetful of my pride, I follow him to have an opportunity of speaking to him in private—but, alas! he avoids me with the most mortifying scorn. It is too much, *Charlotte*, I cannot support my wretched fate. I have examined, with the utmost care, my whole behaviour to him. I am not free from faults, but, surely, I could not merit so severe, so cruel a treatment for any little foibles I have been guilty of. Oh! what a tormenting suspense! Why does he not tell me my crime? which if he will not pardon I would die to expiate. Pity me, my amiable *Effex*, do not drive me to despair! Oh, *Charlotte*, his melancholy will consume him! In vain he struggles to suppress the mournful sighs that escape him in spite of himself. He

shuns company, neglects every wonted amusement, and seeks only to indulge his grief without witnesses— Good heavens! what can all this mean?—He must, he shall hear me—I will even condescend to kneel to him, any thing, if he will but let me know what I have done.—Will you, my friend, be able to read this blotted writing? My tears blind me—I must lay down my pen—Pity the wretched

ELIZA GRANYILLE.



LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to

Mrs. BEAUMONT.

MORE wretched, if possible, than when I last wrote to my dear *Charlotte*!—I wonder my heart is not broke—the cruel *Effex* is determind on my death, for does he think I can live if he continues to treat me in this manner?—Oh love! tormenting passion! Why did I admit thee to my once peaceful breast? Is it possible, dear

Essex, that, after all thy professions of tenderness, you should hate the object you have idolized?—and without a cause too? Ungrateful!—But complaints are fruitless, it is past, and my dreams of happiness are vanished for ever. Hear, and wonder at his cruelty.

Determined to come to an explanation in the presence of Lady *Essex* and her daughter, since he would not give me an opportunity of speaking to him in private, I condescended to entreat him to tell me what fault I had been guilty of.—Speak, my lord, said I, weeping, let me know how I have incurred this severe displeasure. He was going, without answering, but I took hold of his arm—You must not leave me, said I, looking tenderly on him,

'till

'till you let me know how I have offended. You need not, my lord, strive to mortify me more—I give you, by making this request, a sufficient proof that I am already deeply humbled—Speak, sir, tell me my crime.

Need I, answered he, with a look that chilled my blood; need I inform you?—No, madam, your own heart will better explain the mystery—mystery did I call it? No, it can be none to you—think not, *Eliza*, continued he with emotion, tenderly as I once loved you, that I shall any longer be made a dupe to your artifice—Go, fair dissembler, I am undeceived, and know your fondness is counterfeit. Whatever struggles it may cost me, I will tear your once idolized image
from

110 *ELIZA: Or, the*

from my heart, and for your sake, will ever suspect the most perfect forms to conceal the most degenerate natures. Let me go, madam, added he; I may die with grief, but will not indulge a weakness my reason condemns.—He broke from me, while I, overcome with a variety of contending passions, fell almost senseless into the arms of my friend.

And now, *Charlotte*, what is left me but death?—My heart informs me!—Deceitful!—I make a dupe of you, my lord?—Injurious!—Do I live to be treated, to be insulted in this manner?—Accused of a meanness my soul abhors?—Oh this is too much!—Assist me pride, teach me to conquer a weakness so ill placed. But can I then cease to love my dear

Essex?

History of Miss Granville. 111

Effex?—Impossible! There is no remedy for my misfortunes.—Farewell, dear *Charlotte*.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.

LETTER XXXIX.

*Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to**Mrs. BEAUMONT.*

NA Y, this is absolute madness—
would you believe it, *Charlotte* ? my cruel, faithless *Essex*, has
absolutely been so far wrought upon,
by the insinuating arts of *Miss Bellmour*,
that I am assured he is paying his
addresses to her.—Have I not all the
reason in the world to believe it is she
that has been the cause of all my mi-
sery ? I have seen proofs of her cun-
ning

ning and dissimulation, and am convinced she is capable of being a very dangerous enemy. Yet, what an invention must she have, without the least foundation, to be able thus to prepossess him against me!—Oh what a situation is mine!—But I will not long stay to be insulted, nor be a witness to her triumph.

I am settling my affairs, in order to return to town, though Lady *Essex* and my friend oppose this resolution with every argument they can collect, still kindly endeavouring to persuade me, that this unhappy affair will yet be cleared up to our satisfaction. I own my weakness would but too easily induce me to yield to their desires, but then my pride would be too much hurt by such a condescension. You
may

may believe I shall not return to Sir *John Stratton's*, but have resolved to go for some time to Lady *Betty Granville's*, to whom I have wrote to inform her of my intended visit.

Had my lord's behaviour proceeded from a natural fickleness of disposition, I could have borne the change with less regret, as that discovery of his imperfection would have assisted to cure my passion ; but here the case is widely different. I see plainly he still loves me, yet from some unhappy error he will punish both himself and me, by marrying a woman who, I doubt not, is his aversion. Was there ever so strange, so unaccountable a behaviour ? such unpardonable obstinacy, that shuns every means of knowing whether his resentment is well

History of Miss Granville. 115

well or ill founded?—Oh! deluded, amiable *Essex*! you will but too late repent your error.

My dear *Charlotte*, I am so ill, I can hardly hold my pen, my heart is oppressed with inexpressible woe, and, to add to my affliction, my poor *Lucy* is in a very bad state of health—that worthy good creature, whose amiable behaviour has so much endeared her to me.—Adieu, my dear friend.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

116 *ELIZA: Or, the*

LETTER XL.

Miss ELIZA GRANVELLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

GOOD heavens! my dear Mrs.
Beaumont, Sir *Charles Bellmour*
has just now sent, to desire a
private audience of Lady *Essex* —
Ah! it is certainly to consult with
her about this detested marriage—
What will become of me!

You condescend to the most tender
enquiries about my maid. I am as-
sured, by the physician, that it will
be

be almost a miracle if she recovers—
Poor *Lucy*! she is leaving a troublesome world; ought I then to mourn her release from care and disappointment?

I am sent for—the poor creature is at the point of death, and begs to speak with me.

Miss GRANVILLE in Continuation.

Alas, he is not to be found!—She will die, and he will never be convinced of my innocence!

I cannot settle to write—what a horrid discovery!—Who is to be trusted?—What shall I do?—She will die without seeing him! But to what purpose is my inquietude? Will he return the sooner for my restlessness? No,
let

let me then try to give you the particulars of the amazingly shocking discovery, that I have made. Miss *Essex* has just left me. I have, without naming the parties, given her a short sketch of what has happened. She insisted on sending to Sir *Charles's* for her brother—in spite of my pride I gave my consent.—Yes, my lord, come and be made sensible how much you have injured me, by your unpardonable suspicions. How could you believe me guilty of a crime which I shudder but to think of?—yet, I own such proofs!—Forgive me, my dear *Charlotte*, I am keeping you in painful suspense; I hardly know what I do, but will once more attempt to explain the mystery.

I was

History of Miss Granville. 119

I was sent for to the dying *Lucy*. As soon as I entered the room she begged me to dismiss the attendants, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to me. You may believe I was amazed, but how was that amazement increased, when, as soon as we were alone, she attempted to fall on her knees, imploring my pardon, which yet, she said, she feared she had too much injured me ever to hope for!

Surprised at such a beginning, I endeavoured to compose her mind, and begged her to proceed.

I will, said she, weeping, and in as few words as possible, for I find my end approaching I will tell you with what ingratitude I have repaid the many favours

favours you have heaped on me—ah, madam, I have been your most cruel enemy!—but where is Lord *Essex*? Let me do all in my power, by undeceiving him, to restore you to happiness—I beg he may be sent for.—Heaven forbid I should die before I have cleared your innocence!

After a pause, which I had not power to interrupt, she told me, with a flood of tears, that she had been bribed by Sir *John Stratton* to assist him in his guilty passion. She had known him long, it seems, before she came to live with me. Indeed, she blushing owned, that she had, while very young, been seduced by one of his libertine acquaintance, who had left her to infamy and want, till Sir *John's* charity relieved her; yet did he never,

she

she declares, seek to make an ungenerous use of her dependance on his bounty, 'till after, by his advice, she came to live with me, when by his entreaty, joined to her obligations, he had persuaded her to enter into his measures; since when they had kept up a constant correspondence, and by his orders she had informed him of every thing that passed in regard to me, while at R——. He was, it seem almost distracted when she acquainted him of my intended marriage with Lord *Effex*, but as they found it was deferred for some time longer than was expected, they concerted measures to break it off effectually. For this purpose she was ordered artfully to drop hints, when she could get a

pretence of talking to Lord *Essex*, of a favoured rival, and if he expressed any curiosity to know who that rival was, she should shew him Sir *John*'s letters, directed by me, as I always returned them to him.

She but too punctually followed the instructions of her criminal director; an opportunity she soon found of speaking to Lord *Essex*, as I treated her more on the footing of a companion than servant.—My Lord was at first, it seems, very much offended at her insinuations, and would give no credit to what she told him, but she promised, if he would permit her, to give convincing proofs of my falshood, pretending, that nothing but her admiration of, and esteem for his uncommon merit

History of Miss Granville. 123

merit could have induced her so warmly to interest herself in his concerns, as to betray the secrets of her lady. But, indeed, my lord, said the artful creature, I am the less affected with her kind treatment of me, as it is rather a bribe to secure her honour by my silence, than out of regard to me— She knows I am acquainted with her indiscreet conduct, which, heaven is my witness, I would never have revealed, but to save so accomplished a nobleman from an union so unworthy of his merit.

In this manner she paved the way for the success of her scheme, but still my lord was too well persuaded of my virtue to give an easy credit to my asperser. Yet he appeared thoughtful and uneasy, she says, after this con-

ference, for several days, when she again took an opportunity of speaking to him.

You seemed, my lord, said she, to doubt what justice compelled me to reveal to you, but I now bring a more convincing proof than my bare assertion. What interest can I have in inventing an intrigue between Sir *John* and my lady? Do I not rather stand a chance of forfeiting my all, by such an important discovery? But let what will be the consequence, I am determined to act up to what my conscience dictates to me is right—Yes, my lord, I will, if possible, save you from ruin—Humble as my station is, I yet have a soul capable of generous sentiments, and deeply affected with your virtue.—Suffer not, then, a partial passion to
blind

blind your reason—Miss *Granville* is greatly unworthy your attachment.—Do you know that writing? added she, shewing him a letter—You see it is Sir *John*'s—Read it my lord—I have ventured to commit an action not quite warrantable, to convince you that I seek not to deceive you.—If this proof is not deemed sufficient, I shall soon have more of the same kind to strengthen it, as I alone am trusted with the secret of their correspondence.—I will leave it with you, sir, for a few minutes 'till you have read it, when I expect to have it returned, that I may replace it from whence I took it.

I could hardly keep myself from fainting, my dear *Charlotte*, during this recital—I asked to see the horrid letter.

letter.——The contents were as follows.

To Miss GRANVILLE.

“ Yes, my lovely *Eliza*! Your arguments have at last convinced me—Give then your dear hand to Lord *Essex*, since nothing less can secure your honour; but beware, my adored mistress, how you admit a rival in your heart, a heart that I would die sooner than relinquish the possession of.—But it is impossible you should—we were formed for each other, our affections, our passions harmonize—Your bosom will be cold and insensible to all but me. I am persuaded your gentle soul is incapable of tender emotions but for its kindred mind.—But, ah, my *Eliza*!

What

What a tedious absence have I been obliged to support? — What happiness are we obliged to give up for the fear of a censorious world? — Thank heaven your marriage will relieve us from this restraint. Yes, my angel, we shall meet again, when you will become one of our family. Lord *Essex* is the very husband one would wish for, in our situation — open, sincere and unsuspecting. — Hasten then this cruel, necessary union, which is to bring with it a felicity that only can make life supportable to your adoring, devoted,

JOHN STRATTON.

P. S. Continue, by your favours, to secure the fidelity of your servant—She has been very useful to us in our correspondence. Your dear letters are my only consolation in our melancholy separation; need I, then, desire you to be punctual in writing?—Adieu, my only charmer.”

Oh! *Charlotte!* What a horrid treachery is here!—Detested man!—Can you any longer wonder at the behaviour of my *Effex*?—What convincing reason was there here for his jealousy! How must he have detested your poor *Eliza*, believing her guilty of such monstrous crimes!

He is not yet returned—good heavens, she will die, and he continue ignorant

History of Miss Granville. 129

ignorant of my innocence ! For who can clear it but my base accuser ?—I am almost distracted—it is now late, and, in all probability, she has but a few hours to live.



Rejoice with me, my dear friend ! Though I now can never expect him to be mine, he will yet know that I am not unworthy of that once expected happiness.

He is now with the perfidious *Lucy*. How my heart flutters !—What will he say to me, when we meet ? How excuse his too hasty belief ? Will he not repent of his cruelty ? But, alas ! it is now too late, for is he not engaged to Miss *Bellmour* ?—Oh, my too

130 *ELIZA: Or, the*

credulous *Essen!* We are separated for ever!

Adieu, my dearest *Charlotte*; under every change I can never cease to be yours.

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET

LETTER XLI.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to

Mrs. BEAUMONT.

WHAT a dreadful suspense am I in!—My lord left the house, after having been about a quarter of an hour with *Lucy*.—Where can he be gone?—I cannot expect to see him to night, to-morrow, if I live, you shall have the farther particulars of this affair—Good night.

Tuesday morning.

My Lord did not return till very late. Miss *Essex* sat up, in hopes of seeing him, but was disappointed. He went immediately to his apartment, to which he is now confined by indisposition. Poor Lord *Essex*! In spite of the uneasiness he has made me suffer, my heart feels for him—Do not too much blame my weakness, *Charlotte*, but I own, in spite of my pride, I half fear I should not refuse him my pardon, were he to solicit it.

His sister has been with him this morning. He hardly spoke to her, but appeared in profound melancholy.—He only said, pressing her hand,
and

History of Miss Granville. 133

and deeply sighing, that he had ruined himself by his folly and rash credulity.—She endeavoured to console him, but with little effect—He begged to be left alone.

Lady *Essex* is so apprehensive for his health, that she has sent for his physician. If he is in danger, what will become of me? Yet I hope it will be but a slight illness. It might easily be expected he could not be very well, after suffering such violent agitation as I know the horrid discovery would cause in him.

The poor guilty creature, who has given us all such uneasiness, is now at the point of death. I was prevailed on, by her earnest and repeated entreaties, to pay her another visit. My heart was not proof against her prayers.

prayers and tears. I granted her that pardon without which, she said, she could not die in peace. How sincere is her repentance! May she find that mercy from heaven which she so fervently invokes!

With great confusion she owned to me, that an unhappy, hopeless passion, she had involuntarily conceived for Lord *Essex*, had, more than any thing else, urged her to the treachery she had practiced against me; and that love, envy, jealousy, and despair, had prompted her to seek my ruin. She rejoices at the prospect of death, as the only end to her shame and misery. I left her in a fainting fit, her spirits exhausted by the violence of her emotions.

Miss

Miss *Essex* has asked me the particulars of this shocking affair, of which I had only given her some obscure hints: I told her as much as I could, without naming her brother-in-law. She was greatly affected, though she knows not the most dreadful part of it. I hope my lord will be equally cautious, for into what misery would it plunge them to know the worthless alliance they have made with this basest of men!

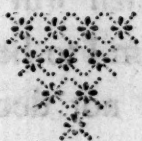
This Physician will never come—How anxious am I to hear how my lord is!—Why will not decency, why will not pride, permit me to see him?—Oh, too amiable *Essex*! did you but know how much I suffer on your account, you would no longer despair of my forgiveness.

I dis-

I dispatch this letter, my dear *Charlotte*. Expect another as soon as I know what is likely to be the fate of

Your

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET.

LETTER XLII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

DEAR *Charlotte*! Lord *Effex* is in a raging fever, and quite delirious. The Physicians return ambiguous answers to our enquiries, shake their heads, and seem to think him in great danger. What will become of Lady *Effex* and her daughter?—But who is so miserable as your unfortunate friend?—Why, alas! am I not permitted to attend him?—Cruel restraint!

strait! Why is it deemed improper?—Surely, my presence, my tender assiduity would contribute to his recovery.

Miss *Essex*, with tears, entreats me to accompany her to her Brother.—Yes, I will go, though my trembling heart almost fails me.



Oh! *Charlotte*! I have seen him! Seen the once blooming *Essex*, pale, emaciated, and almost expiring! What a scene!

He has, for some time past, taken no notice of any body. In vain his tender mother and sister have spoke to him; he seems quite insensible, and does not appear to know them. As
soon

History of Miss Granville. 139

soon as I entered the room, Lady *Essex* drew back the curtains and named me. He hastily turned his head and fixed his eager eyes on her. I approached the bed, weeping. He instantly knew me and uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. I could not speak, but held out my hand, which he faintly pressed between his, and, raising his eyes to heaven, indistinctly expressed his gratitude for my condescension. I sat down by him, and we both continued silent for several minutes. The physician came in, and, finding my lord unusually agitated, whispered Lady *Essex* that my presence too much affected him, and begged me to retire. My lord still held my hand, and, guessing what they said, though they

they spoke low, when I attempted to withdraw, he gave me a most expressively tender look, and, turning to them, with a voice that spoke his indignation, accused them of cruelty, but they persisted in the measures they thought necessary, and declared, if we would not endanger his life, we should immediately leave him: This was sufficient to make me do violence to myself; I arose, and, deeply sighing, left the room.

Oh, *Charlotte*! if he should die!—Good heavens!—but I could not long survive him.

The wretched *Lucy* expired last night.—What a variety of melancholy objects surround me! And, but for an uncommon share of spirits, I must, ere this, have sunk under the weight of my

History of Miss Granville. 141

my misfortunes. How much am I obliged to my friend for her consolatory letters! Pardon me, that I give you such sad employment—but for your *Eliza* you would know nothing but, joy blest as you are in one of the best of men. Forgive me for being an allay to your happiness, though I thereby give you an opportunity of manifesting the gentle goodness of your heart, while you so feelingly sympathize with

Your

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET.

LETTER XLIII.

Miss ELIZA GRANVILLE, to
Mrs. BEAUMONT.

HOW shall I express my joy?
He is better! The dear *Essex* is
out of danger!—What cannot love
effect? He began to recover from
the moment I had been with him. In
a little time I am assured he will be
able to leave his apartment; he feels
no remainder of his indisposition but
langour and weakness. His sister tells
me

History of Miss Granville. 143

me he is impatient to plead for pardon at my feet. Oh! my amiable *Effex*! you are already forgiven, for have you not severely atoned for your error?—Yes, *Charlotte*, my hopes revive, we shall yet be happy. How amply shall I be rewarded for my sufferings, when united to this most amiable man!—Oh! gracious heaven! what do I see? he is here!



How shall I describe our interview?

"It is not in the power of words.

Pale and trembling, he cast himself at my feet, clasped my knees, looked at me with inexpressible tenderness,
but

but could not speak, yet a silence, more eloquent than the most studied language, his expressive eyes testified at once his love and sorrow.

I continued for some time motionless, my arm leaning on a table, supported my head, and my handkerchief at my eyes, to conceal my tears.—After a few moments pause, with a voice that testified his emotion, Speak, my adorable *Eliza*, said he, pronounce my doom, while like a criminal I hide my guilty head.—He was silent, reclining his face on my knee.

Rise, my lord, said I, in a trembling voice ; can you mistake the cause of my emotions ? Do they appear the symptoms of displeasure ? Ah ! sir, will you never gain a true knowledge of your *Eliza* ?

My

History of Miss Granville. 145

My *Eliza*? Cried he, oh, unmerited goodness! How unworthy have I made myself of that blessing!

Let us forget what is past, interrupted I, the recollection is too painful—Greatly as I have suffered, the pride of injured virtue yields to tenderness. Do not be ungenerous for this, perhaps, too frank confession—The good opinion I have of Lord *Essex* induces me to act in a different manner from what another in my circumstances would think necessary. Why should I affect a displeasure I no longer feel? You have, my lord, given sufficient proofs that you repent of your rashness.

Ah! no, my lovely *Eliza*, cried he, my whole life will be too little for that, but if you can still condescend to think

VOL. II.

H

favour-

146 *ELIZA*: Or, the

favourably of me, my future conduct shall speak for me.—Oh! my *Eliza*! will you, after all my errors and follies, consent to be mine?—I blushing held out my hand, which he eagerly pressed to his lips, and was going to thank me, when his sister joined us—He arose, and, with the most fervent transports, told her his happiness—She congratulated him, and praised my goodness, as she was pleased to call it.

Lady *Essex* has been informed of our reconciliation. She testified the greatest pleasure on the joyful occasion. With eyes raised to heaven, she joined our hands, with a prayer that nothing for the future might prove a hindrance to a union, in which her heart, no less than her son's, was deeply interested.

Am

Am I awake, *Charlotte*?—I can hardly believe my senses—What a quick transition from misery to happiness! I know your gentle bosom will sympathize in my felicity, as you have ever generously done in my grief. The re-establishment of my lord's health is now the only delay to our marriage, and that, he says, cannot possibly be long, since his illness must vanish now the cause is removed.

I fear I shall for some time have but little leisure to write to my friend, but *Miss Essex* has promised to supply my place, and will, from time to time, inform you of any incidents that may be judged capable of amusing you. Yet, have you not promised, if your health will permit, to favour us with

148 *ELIZA: Or, the*

your company?—Ah, come my dear
Charlotte, and compleat the happiness
of your ever affectionate,

ELIZA GRANVILLE.



LET-

LETTER XLIV.

Sir JOHN STRATTON, to Lord
ESSEX.

BE not surpris'd, my lord, and spare yourself the trouble of fruitless reproaches. A passion like mine scorns your censure, or the opinion of the world. In spite of every obstacle, while I have life, I will never cease to adore my *Eliza*—Take that, if you would be deliver'd from a rival, who, however despis'd or reject'd, will

150 *ELIZA: Or, the*

not tamely see his only happiness ravished from him.

Your sister, whom you may justly accuse me of injuring, and my unconquerable love for Miss *Granville*, ought to rouse your resentment and stimulate you to revenge. Come then, my lord, one of us must die. Justice, according to the opinion of the world, is on your side : With this advantage prepare to meet me. Actuated only by powerful love, you shall yet find a resolute and undaunted enemy in, your lordship's most obedient servant,

JOHN STRATTON.

P. S. Chuse your own weapon, and fix the time and place.

L.E.T.

History of Miss Granville. 151

LETTER XLV.

Lord Essex, to Sir JOHN.

STRATTON.

I Will then, sir, spare my just reproaches on a mind so lost to every sentiment of goodness and honour as yours is, since they are not likely to produce any good effect. I will likewise so far master my resentment, as to leave the chastisement of your crimes to heaven, nor will I add to the weight of woe, that must already but too much oppress my unfortunate sister, by a

public discovery of your guilt. You dare not suspect that this conduct, which, in spite of my just resentment, I struggle to maintain, proceeds from want of courage. No, sir, my character is already too well established for you to be able to blast my fame. Too soon will you meet that death you from despair, rather than bravery, so resolutely covet. Be thankful, that I am at present in prospect of too much happiness to find leisure to give it you. —Seize then the precious moments that are yet granted you for repentance, and, by conquering a criminal, fruitless passion, enable me, without a blush, to subscribe myself your friend,

HENRY ESSEX.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Sir JOHN STRATTON, to Lord
ESSEX.

IT is well, my lord—But this affected calmness shall not save you. Not leisure?—Too happy prospects?—Those insulting boasts come seasonably to augment my hatred and resentment. I reject, I despise your friendship. Keep your priest-like council to yourself; well would it be for you, my lord, whose courage is so cool, if you had the priestly gown too, to protect you from

154 *E L I Z A: Or, the*

my rage ; but now, nothing but consenting to give me satisfaction, shall preserve you from being branded with the name of coward. Think of this and act accordingly. Not the established fame you boast of, will be able to secure you from infamy, if you refuse to meet the incensed

STRATTON.



ET:

LETTER XLVI.

Lord ESSEX, to Sir JOHN

STRATTON.

YOUR insolence has produced the effect you sought. My resentment drowns the voice of reason and conscience. These now in vain remonstrate against the crime you urge me to. Yes, sir, I will meet you, and if to give you death will render you satisfaction, prepare to receive it. My sword was never drawn in a more justifiable cause, and I have no reason to

doubt either my skill or courage.—
 But words are vain—I will give you
 more convincing proofs of what I as-
 sert. Next *Monday*, then, at the north-
 side of my park, I shall expect you.—The
 interval I dedicate to love and my
Eliza. Before that time I shall have
 the transporting happiness of calling
 her mine, and after that let heaven dis-
 pose of me as it sees fit.—But till I en-
 joy that felicity, neither man nor de-
 vil shall compel me to give a moment
 of my time to any thing but joy and
 rapture. After that I am yours.

ESSEX.

LET

LETTER XLVIII.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Mrs.

BEAUMONT.

CONGRATULATE us, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! I have stolen away from the happiest pair I believe that is to be met with this day in *England*, to tell you, that we are just returned from church, and that the important ceremony is over. *Eliza* looks like an angel, nor is my brother's person much inferior to the fair bride's; the transports he experiences on this joyfu

occasion has entirely banished every symptom of his late disorder.

At *Eliza's* request we made rather a private wedding of it—No-body was present but our own family, excepting *Mrs. Stanhope* and her two agreeable daughters, and your friend's favourite, old Lord *Wilmot*, who acted as her father, and made Lord *Essex* the most valuable present in his estimation, that he ever received in his life.

As we are perfectly intimate with our guests, there will be no restraint, or ceremony amongst us, and the day promises to be spent with a serene and agreeable pleasure, rather than what is called mirth; all amusing themselves as they think proper.

I left

I left the company divided into two little parties. Lord *Wilmot*, Mrs. *Stanhope*, and mama form one of them. While *Eliza*, the Miss *Stanhope*'s, and my brother, at some distance seated in the bow window, compose the other more youthful and animated society.

I must go down. I see my Lord walking in the park with his lovely bride, it is therefore necessary for me to go and entertain the young ladies.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. *Beaumont*, I will resume my pen the first opportunity.



We are a good deal alarmed, my dear Mrs. *Beaumont*, yet hope a little time will deliver us from this painful anxiety.

We

We were scarcely seated at the tea-table, where my lord was entertaining us with unusual vivacity, when a servant delivered him a note, and said the person that brought it waited for an answer, and begged to see his lordship. He looked at the writing, and, I thought, I observed a little emotion in his face, but it vanished almost instantly. He immediately arose and bade the servant conduct him to the messenger.

None of us thought any thing of the matter, 'till waiting a considerable time, Lady *Essex* expressed some surprise at his being so long absent, and sent to enquire where he was, she received for answer, that his lordship, after some moments conversation with the stranger, went out with him.

Eliza

History of Miss Granville. 161

Eliza was greatly agitated at this account, and abruptly left the room. I followed her, but as she had fastened her door, and I knew not how to quiet her fears, I retired without asking admittance, and sat down to inform you of this unaccountable event.

Yet, after all, may it not be some unavoidable business that detains him? I am every moment expecting a message to tell us the reason of his absence, or else that he will return himself; for to leave us on such a day, and so abruptly too, without assigning any reason for it, is very unlike his usual behaviour. But we shall see, I doubt not, he has sufficient motives for his conduct. It is now near eight o'clock—What an age does it appear since he left us!—I must go down to the company—

pany—Perhaps he is returned, if not: I will resume my pen, for the time seems less tedious while I am so employed.



The company are gone. It is almost nine o'clock and no news of Lord *Essex*. They thought their presence was a restraint on us, and as *Eliza* sent to excuse her absence, imagined she would be more at ease when they were away. In reality we began to be but very indifferent company to each other. They kindly endeavoured to alleviate our fears by inventing plausible reasons for his stay, but I could see, nevertheless, they were as much surprised at it as ourselves.

Oh!!

Oh! my dear Mrs. *Beaumont*! What can she mean by what she bids me write to you?

The weeping *Eliza* came into my room this instant. Tell my *Charlotte*, said she, with wildness in her looks and manner, and wringing her hands, that I am ruined—My *Essex*, continued she, in a raised voice, and flinging herself on the bed, my *Essex* is killed! I shall never see him more!—Oh! thou execrable *Stratton*!

I arose, terrified to death at her exclamation, and the mention of my brother-in-law. I begged her to explain herself, but, alas! she was incapable of answering—she had fainted away. I immediately called for assistance; my mother and several attendants are

now

now endeavouring her recovery, but she no sooner shews signs of life than she instantly relapses from one fit into another, and in that condition she has been for near an hour. Judge of our unhappy situation!

It is now near ten o'clock, and no Lord *Essex* returned.

Oh! Mrs. *Beaumont*, my heart dies within me!—Lady *Essex* is almost in as bad a way as your friend! Heavens! what dreadful scenes do I not expect to be engaged in!



It is as I feared—Oh my amiable brother!—How shall I describe our situation?

Eliza was a little recovered when we were alarmed, with a confused noise in
the

History of Miss Granville. 165

the hall, and my servant indiscreetly rushed into my apartment, pale, and out of breath, and, without knowing what she did, named my lord, and appeared ready to faint. Your friend heard her, and, guessing the horror of her fate, sprang from the bed, and, with almost incredible swiftness, flew down stairs. I followed, when the first object that presented itself, was my beloved brother, his face the picture of death, supported by his servants, who were conveying him to his apartment. *Eliza* uttered a loud scream, clasped her hands, and started a few paces back, then extending her arms, she ran and clasped her dying *Essex* to her breast, and looking round to me, with a countenance so mournful that

I shall

I shall never forget it, pointed to her husband, raising her eyes to heaven, heaved a deep sigh and fell senseless on his body.

Greatly as I stood in need of it myself, I yet endeavoured to give her assistance. My lord too, though weak with the loss of blood, tried to support her—My *Eliza*, said he, in a faint voice, look up my love—Thy *Essex* calls thee. My wound is slight—I yet shall live to repay this tenderness. He pressed his lips to her cold cheek, and it was with great difficulty I prevailed on him to suffer her to be removed, though the position she was in could not fail to be very painful to him.

By my persuasions, he at last consented to be carried to his apartment,
but

History of Miss Granville. 167

but not till he had, repeatedly, recommended his *Eliza* to my care.

Tell her, said he, that my wound is not mortal, I am sure it is not, and let no assistance be wanting to Sir *John Stratton*, who will soon be brought here. He stands in far more need of help than I do.

That unfortunate guilty man was, in less than a quarter of an hour, brought to the castle. They had been forced to procure a kind of litter before he could be removed. The surgeon, who has been sent for to examine his wounds, has pronounced them mortal. My generous brother would not suffer his to be dressed 'till after they had done what was necessary to Sir *John*. Messengers are dispatched for more advice,
the

the only surgeon we could yet procure, is now with Lord *Effex*.—Good heavens, how I tremble, yet long to know his opinion of him !

Oh, Mrs. *Beaumont*, what a wedding day has this been !—The poor *Eliza* !—Her grief has perfectly stupified her. Even tears refuse their aid, and she is judged to be in great danger, if they do not come to her relief—My dear mother too is almost distracted, in danger of losing an only and beloved son, and, to compleat her misery, convinced of the worthless alliance that my amiable sister has made.

It is judged necessary for me to write a few lines to that unfortunate lady, as she might, perhaps, blame us if her unworthy husband dies without her

History of Miss Granville. 169

her seeing him. What melancholy tasks are imposed on me! Yet, perhaps, the necessity there is for my exerting myself, and being so much employed, help to support my spirits. —Adieu.

SOPHIA ESSEX.



Vol. II. I LET

170 ELIZA: O.; 13.

LETTER XLIX.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Mrs.

BEAUMONT.

I HAVE seen the surgeon at last, and anxiously enquired what he thought of my brother. He owned he was yet very doubtful of his recovery, but bid me hope the best.—Oh! can I hope? No, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, I see, but too clearly, he is in great danger by the ambiguous answer he gave me. Alas! I shall lose him then! My amiable *Essex*! thou
more

History of Miss Granville. 171

more than brother!—What will become of me?

It is judged necessary, in order to awaken *Eliza* from the dangerous insensibility into which her grief has plunged her, to let her see her *Essex*. The surgeon is to prepare him for the interview. I only wait for that gentleman's return to attend her to his apartment.



Notwithstanding the caution that was used in preparing my brother to receive a visit from his lady, he was greatly terrified at her danger, and scarcely could he be restrained, in spite of his weakness, from going to

her assistance. He is very impatient to see her—I am going to accompany her to him.



Eliza suffered herself to be led to my brother's apartment, without making the least enquiry where we were going with her—Her grief is too deep for utterance, only her deathlike countenance gives testimonies of what she feels.

As soon as she saw my brother she sprung from us, and, running to the bed, flung herself on her knees by him, and extending her arms, her head sunk on his, she burst into the most violent fit of weeping I ever heard. In a tender, and endearing manner

History of Miss Granville. 173

manner he endeavoured to soothe her. Her sobs almost choaked her, while she held his hand clasped in hers, and her streaming eyes eagerly fixed on his face. At last the violence of her emotion subsided, and with a faltering voice, she often repeated his name. Her words were scarcely intelligible.

My *Effex*!—My dying *Effex*!—was all she could utter distinctly—My brother was deeply affected, the sympathizing tear ran down his manly cheeks, while he said every thing he could think of to banish her apprehensions.

I shall not die, my dearest life, said he; ask that gentleman, he will tell you my wounds are not in the least dangerous. Kill me not then, my lovely *Eliza*, with your tender

woe—we shall yet be happy. Let me but see my charming bride more composed and I shall have nothing to fear. Ah! my *Eliza*! You will destroy your *Essex* with your moving sorrow. She immediately dried her tears.

Wretch ~~that~~ I am, said she, what am I doing?—Ah! pardon me, my dear husband, I will not weep—See I am composed—But let them not force me from you. Indeed I will not disturb you with my complaints, only suffer me to attend you with tender, watchful assiduity.

Yes, my angel, cried he, pressing her to his breast, we will not be separated again—Your presence will do more than all their other remedies.

By

History of Miss Granville. 175

By their mutual desire a couch was placed by his bedside, on which I left *Eliza*.

May heaven take pity on the amiable and tender pair, and spare the life of my dear brother, or we must for ever bid adieu to happiness in this life !

Farewell, my dear Mrs. *Beaumont*, I am ready to sink under the weight of my sorrows. Believe me yours;

SOPHIA ESSEX.

LETTER L.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Mrs.
BEAUMONT.

NEITHER my mother nor I
have seen Sir *John Stratton*—
How can we? Yet, the condition he is
in, spite of his crimes, excites my
pity. His recovery is impossible, tho'
it is thought he may linger on a pain-
ful life for a few days longer.

I have talked to his servant, who
was witness to the shocking rencounter

be-

History of Miss Granville. 177

between him and my brother. He says they walked up and down the park for more than an hour, before they fought; that he did not hear their conversation, but he guessed, by the calmness of Lord *Essex*, and the agitation that appeared in his master, that the former was endeavouring to dissuade him from the crime; and even when they were engaged, my brother rather sought to defend himself than wound his antagonist, but Sir *John* was so unguarded by his passion, that he rushed upon his death, in spite of the other's visible desire to save him. He says, when his master fell, he ran to his assistance, and that my lord, tho' much hurt himself, generously helped

him to bind up the wounds of Sir John.

You would not be persuaded, said my brother. Rash man! I have been forced to commit an action that will embitter my whole future life.

You have no cause for that, answered the other in a faint voice, pressing his hand; I forgive you my death, it is what I sought, I am now as I could wish. *Eliza*, continued he, raising his eyes to heaven, the dear *Eliza* is yours. He fainted with loss of blood, as he spoke these words. My lord ordered the servant to run for assistance, when finding his strength quite exhausted, he fell down by Sir John, and in this condition they were found at the people's return, and carried

History of Miss Granville. 179

ried to the nearest farm-house. They would have conveyed my brother to the castle, but he would not leave Sir *John* till a proper carriage was provided for his conveyance.

This is the imperfect account I have received of this melancholy affair. The surgeons are still doubtful of my brother's recovery, yet they think there are hopes if he continues free from a fever.

Eliza never leaves his room, nor will suffer any body to give him any thing but herself, and when his wounds are dressing supports him in her arms, though obliged to hide her face, unable to look at the painful operation. She affects an amazing composure and serenity, for

fear of giving him uneasiness, and he is equally cautious of complaining; not a sigh, nor the least symptom of pain is suffered to escape him.—Amiable pair!—Oh! gracious heaven reward them at last for all their sufferings! and if virtuous merit is your care, spare the life of my valued brother!



Sir *John*, about an hour ago, sent for my mother's maid. She has been many years in our family, and has known him almost from a child. After she left him, she desired to speak with me. The tender hearted creature was in tears.

Oh! my dear young lady, said she, how my heart aches for Sir *John Stratton*! Little did I think the fine young gentle-

gentleman I once knew would come to such a fatal end. I remember him the darling of his parents and the delight of every body, he was so affable, so generous! Indeed it is a thousand pities. Alas! madam, he is almost in despair, wishing, yet hardly daring to hope, for the pleasure of seeing my lady or you—I must not presume to advise—To be sure you know best how to act, but certainly it is a sad thing for him to die without your forgiveness. You cannot think how movingly he condemns himself for the fatal action his passion has hurried him into; but then, as Lord *Essex* is likely to recover of his wounds, he would willingly flatter himself that his life, which he has forfeited for his rashness, will

will be esteemed some atonement for the crime he has been guilty of. He condescended to talk a great deal to me, and never in my life was I so affected. He bid me tell you, that if you would wish to soften the horrors of death in him, you should use your influence over the young Lady *Essex* to see him before he dies, as her forgiveness would, he says, be a support to his drooping spirits. Let me entreat you, dear madam, to persuade her to pay him one short visit. In the situation he is reduced to, one ought, in charity, to omit nothing that would be a consolation to him.

I told her I would consider of his request, but, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, to what purpose, for is it likely that
my

History of Miss Granville. 183

my sister will ever be persuaded to see a person so justly detested by her? —Unfortunate man! What could he hope for but punishment for guilt such as he has obstinately persevered in? Yet, spite of the reason I have to hate him, on the account of my dear *Louisa*, I cannot refrain from pity at the deplorable situation he is reduced to. I will speak to Lady *Essex*. She is generous, and has a heart deeply susceptible to the emotions of compassion. Perhaps she will so far govern her resentment as to grant his request.

Adieu, I must go about it this instant—There is no time to be lost—Death will too soon put an end to our power of obliging—Poor Sir *John*! May heaven grant him repentance and mercy!

184 *ELIZA: Or, the*

mercy ! Join your prayers, dear Mrs. Beaumont, in his behalf, to those of your

SOPHIA ESSEX.



LET.

LETTER LI.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to *Mrs.*
BEAUMONT.

NOwithstanding all the caution I could use, in telling Lady *Essex* of the request Sir *John* has made, she was greatly agitated.

Oh, I cannot, indeed I cannot see him, cried she, with wildness in her looks. Tell him I forgive him, but, good heavens! I would die sooner than go through such a shocking interview.

terview. Save me, my dear *Effex*! continued she seizing on his hand; do not let me be forced to what I dread so much! He pressed her hand to his lips.

Compose yourself, my dearest life, said he; why all this terror? Nobody will offer to force you; your own good sense, your compassion shall direct you.

Ah! then you wish me to go? said she.

Not if you think it would too much affect you, answered he. But, indeed my *Eliza*, I pity the unfortunate *Stratton*—he is already too severely punished—would to heaven any other instrument had been chosen to inflict it than your *Effex*! But it was my fate,
and

History of Miss Granville. 187

and I must submit. Yet would I joyfully give up half my days to secure him a few years longer for repentance. His crime was great, but who shall dare to triumph over another's fall, who never knew the power of his temptations? You say you pardon him, let me then prevail on my gentle love to compleat her generosity, by granting the last request he will ever make her.

Eliza made no answer, but seemed lost in thought. Just then my mother sent for me, and I took my leave, telling my brother I hoped the affair would be determined before I saw him again.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I again went to my lord's apartment;

as

88 *ELIZA: Or, the*

as soon as I entered the room *Eliza* held out her hand to me.

I am ready to attend you, said she, casting a tender glance at my brother. Yes, my dear *Sophia*, I will see him now my mind is sufficiently fortified to bear the dismal interview. She trembled as we went arm in arm on the dreaded visit.

Good heavens ! cried she frequently, what shall I say to him ? How behave ? Keep near, my dear *Sophia*, I feel I shall want the support of your presence.

I had before sent my mother's maid to prepare Sir *John*. The room was so dark that we could but dimly distinguish objects, yet he soon discovered *Eliza*, and in a faint but moving voice,

History of Miss Granville. 189

voice, entreated her to draw nearer, for she stopped at some distance from his bed.

Ah, come my injured, too lovely ward, said he, come and sooth, by your generous, unmerited compassion, the guilty, dying *Stratton* !

She sat down by him, but was unable to speak. He drew back the curtains and fixed his languid eyes on her face.

Yes, continued he, sighing, it is her, it is the fatal idol that my heart has but too long cherished.—Oh, *Eliza* ! who ever loved like me ?—But forgive me—I sent to receive a pardon, and am, alas ! involuntarily adding to my crime. Forgive me heaven ! raising his eyes, I am dying, and I shall not much longer offend you by this ill-

ill-fated passion.—*Eliza*, added he, after a pause, suffer me to call you by that name, so dear to my heart; can you pardon me for what I have made you suffer? Will you not hate my memory, but drop a compassionate tear over the grave of him whose only fault to you was excess of love?

She was going to answer when the door opened, and the unfortunate Lady *Stratton*, with wildness in her looks, pale as death, and disordered in her dress, that instant rushed into the room.

Where is he? cried she, in a raised voice. Ah! he is dead! and I shall never see him more.— My husband! Oh! my murdered husband!

I arose

History of Miss Granville. 191

I arose and took her hand, she fell on my neck and burst into tears.

Eliza ran with extended arms to embrace her, but my sister shrieked, and started from her with horror. Your friend was greatly shocked at this action.

Oh, I am then thought guilty! said she. Unjust Lady *Stratton*! Yet I forgive you—I am indeed the unfortunate cause of your misery, tho' heaven knows, how innocently. But I will not add to your grief by my presence, though I leave you with a heart weighed down with sorrow and compassion.

My sister was too much affected with the sight of her dying husband to give attention to what she said.

She

She had flung herself by the side of his bed, sobbed as if her heart was breaking, and seemed almost distracted with her grief. Sir *John* was greatly amazed, and I fear not much pleased at the unexpected sight of her, for I observed he turned away his face. Perhaps, indeed, the injury he had done her made him avoid her eyes.

Oh! my unkind, my ever dear *Strattan*, said she, will you not look upon me? What have I done? Speak to me, my beloved, cruel husband!

What can I say to you, cried he, turning to her, and withdrawing his hand from hers; I have injured you, and do you not know that forgiveness belongs to the injured? But they never pardon who have done the wrong.

—Leave

History of Miss Granville. 193

—Leave me, madam, let me die in peace ; do not lavish this undeserved tenderness on a guilty wretch, who is so unworthy of it.

Unworthy ! repeated she, sobbing ; oh, how much you wrong me, to imagine I can think you so !—No, my ever dear husband, from the bottom of my afflicted heart I forgive you all your little indiscretions.——Oh, that heaven would but in mercy spare your life, that I might testify how sincerely I love you ! how readily I would bury the remembrance of what is past !—But you are dying — oh, dreadful thought ! yet I shall not long survive you—No, my regretted husband, in death, at least, you shall be mine ; then no fatal beauty will seduce your affections from me.

You are too good, said he, sighing——I blush for my ingratitude. But leave me now, my much injured, amiable wife—I feel my strength almost exhausted. Death will no longer be debarred of its prey. Forgive me, added he, pressing her hand to his lips, and let my faults be buried in my grave. He spoke the last words with great difficulty; his end was visibly approaching.

I called for assistance. My unfortunate sister fainted away. We were all in the greatest confusion and consternation, as the doctors assured us he could not live many minutes. I took the opportunity of my sister's insensibility to get her conveyed from the dismal scene that was soon to follow, and had her carried to her apartment,

apartment, where her fit continued for more than an hour. It were almost to be wished she had never recovered, since the return of her senses only restored her to misery. Never grief equalled hers, when she found that her husband was dead—It was with the utmost difficulty we could restrain her from going to see his lifeless body, but as I feared the consequence of such a scene, I left nothing undone to prevent it.

After the violence of her transports was a little abated, my afflicted mother went to her apartment, where, with the tenderness of an affectionate parent, and all the arguments that wisdom and experience could furnish her with, she endeavoured to console her—My sister made no answer

but with her sighs to all that was said to her. For more than two hours that I sat by her, she never uttered one complaint, nor did she weep, but her frequent groans pierced my heart. The doctors proposed that she should be bled, but she would not hear of it.

I want no assistance, cried she, in a resolute voice; do not persecute me. She turned from us, and they found it necessary to defer it till she was more composed, ordering her to be kept very quiet.

After giving repeated charges to her attendants, I left her for a few minutes to write to you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont—But what melancholy subjects have I to entertain you with!—

Once

Once it was otherwise!—Alas! will that happy time never return?

My brother is better—he does not yet know of Sir *John's* death—such news would too much affect him in the still weak condition he is in.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. *Beaumont*. Instead of joy and bridal finery, we must mourn both in mind and dress.—I am, my dear friend,

Yours, sincerely,

SOPHIA ESSEX.

LETTER LII.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Mrs.
BEAUMONT.

One o'clock in the morning.

I Have just left my sister.—Terribly fatigued both in mind and body, I must try to get a little rest.—I have strict, charged her attendants to be watchful of her; her eyes were closed, and she appeared to be dozing when I left her—I hope to find her better

to-

History of Miss Granville. 199

to-morrow. Heaven grant it! Good night, my dear Mrs. Beaumont.

S. E.



Oh, heavens! what a scene! how shall I describe it?

Early this morning I went into my sister's apartment, where I found the servants a sleep, for which negligence, you may believe, I severely chid them.—They endeavoured to excuse themselves, by declaring to me they had closed their eyes but a moment before, and not till they were assured their lady was in a profound sleep. In hopes she was so still, I went softly to her bed, when, gently opening

the curtains, what was my terror and amazement to find it empty! I shrieked—Good heavens! cried I, what is become of her? but without waiting for an answer, I flew to the apartment where lay the body of the late unfortunate Sir *John*—but judge what emotions I experienced, when I saw my amiable sister stretched on his bed, her arms clasped round her lifeless husband, her eyes closed, and face as pale, as death-like as his! On the noise I made in approaching her, she raised her head, and looking at me with a moving composure, waved her hand for me to leave her.

My dear *Louisa*, cried I, weeping, what have you done? why would you

you give me so dreadful an alarm? Come, my beloved sister, for heaven's sake, let me lead you from this melancholy place.

No, *Sophia*, said she, shaking her head. Never—never, while I have life, will I again be separated from my husband! he is mine, continued she raising her voice, he is mine for ever!—Yes, my murdered *Stratton*—looking tenderly on him—I will follow you! One grave shall hold us both. Leave me, my kind sister, do not disturb my dying moments—my heart is broke, a few sighs more, and I shall be at rest. Comfort my dear mother, tell *Eliza*, I forgive her for the involun-

tary misery she has caused. My much-loved brother too!—my tears will force a passage when I think of him, though I cannot weep for myself—assure him of my friendship, and that my last prayers shall be for his happiness. And now, added she, I have no more to do in this world—Farewell, my amiable sister—love my memory—let me be buried with my husband.—She closed her eyes, reclined her face on his, pressed him to her breast, uttered a deep sigh, and expired.

No words can paint this moving scene, and as impossible is it to describe my grief—Imagine every thing
that

History of Miss Granville. 203

that is the most affecting, and you
will in some measure form an idea of
the misery of

Your

SOPHIA ESSEX



K 6

LET

LETTER LIII.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to Mrs.

BEAUMONT.

I Was yesterday assured that Lord *Essex* was out of danger, but the death of my sister and Sir John, which we could no longer conceal from him, has so deeply affected him, that we begin to be again alarmed on his account. Eliza, too—but nobody is so much to be pitied as my dear mother—I know not if ever she will recover the shock.

The

The unfortunate pair are, to-morrow, to be interred as privately as possible. It is imagined that Sir *John's* relations will not seek to revenge his death, as a public trial would be injuring his memory, since his conduct, in this affair, could not be examined into without exposing him: though should they even take such imprudent methods, my brother will be in no danger, as there are witnesses enough to clear his innocence.—We are, nevertheless, obliged to Mr. *Beaumont*, for the offer he makes of his company; for sure never people stood more in need of the presence of their friends than we do.—You too, my amiable Mrs. *Beaumont*, have promised us a visit. Oh! come, then—your afflicted

Eliza

206 *ELIZA: Or, the*

Eliza calls for that proof of your friendship. In hopes of seeing you soon, I will spare myself the melancholy task of writing, since I have only the repetition of my sorrows to trouble you with.

Adieu, till I have the consolation of assuring you in person of the friendship and esteem with which I am, dear madam,

Yours,

SOPHIA ESSEX.



LET-

LETTER LIV.

Miss SOPHIA ESSEX, to *Mrs.*
BEAUMONT.

I Received your letter, my dear friend, and rejoice at the prospect of seeing you so soon. I propose meeting Mr. *Beaumont* and you at S—, so will Lord *Essex* and *Eliza*. The former is perfectly recovered from his indisposition, though still oppressed with a deep melancholy, but that, I hope too will leave him by the pleasure he will receive from the presence of
his

208 *ELIZA: Or, the*

his friends. Time will, I trust, bury
the remembrance of what is past, and
we may yet, after all our misfortunes,
be happy.

Adieu, on *Wednesday* you may ex-
pect to see

Your ever affectionate

SOPHIA ESSEX.

4 JU 62

F I N I S.

ERRATA. Vol. II.

Page	Line	
76	2	for as well hymen, read as well as hymen
93	6	I don't know, read I don't know.
108	18	hia, read his.
121	11	seem, read seems.
158	1	has, read have.

BOOKS lately printed for
F. and J. NOBLE.

1. **A**Dventures and Amours of the Marquis de Noailles and Mademoiselle Tencin. To which is added, The History of the Chevalier de Mirmont and Miss Biron. 2 vols. 6s bound.
2. Apparition: or, the Female Cavalier. A Story founded on Facts. 3 vols. 9s bound.
3. Accomplish'd Rake; or, the Modern Fine Gentleman. 3s bound.
4. Bracelet; or, the Fortunate Discovery, 2 vols. 6s bound,
5. Bubbled Knights; or, the Successful Contrivances. Plainly evincing, in two familiar Instances, lately transacted in this Metropolis, the Folly and Unreasonableness of Parents laying a Restraint upon their Children's Inclinations, in the Affairs of Love and Marriage. 2 vols. 6s bound.
6. Child's

Books lately printed, &c.

6. Child's Entertainer. A Collection of Riddles, embellished with a Picture of each Subject. 6d bound.

7. Devil upon Crutches in England; or, Night Scenes in London. A Satirical Work. Written upon the Plan of the celebrated Diable Boiteaux of Monf. le Sage. By a Gentleman of Oxford. The Sixth Edition, in which is now added, the History of a celebrated Courtezan, and the Adultrous amour of Lord—— with Miss H—— 3s bound.

8. Emily; or, the History of a Natural Daughter. 2 vols. 6s bound.

9. Each Sex in their Humour; or the Histories of the Families of Brightly, Finch, Fortescue, Shelburne and Stevens. 2 vols. 6s bound.

10. Fortune-Teller; or, the Footman enobled. Being the History of the Right Honourable the Earl of R****, and Miss Lucy M—n—y. 2 vols. 6s bound.

11. Fortunate Villager; or, the Memoirs of Sir Andrew Thompson. 2 vols. 6s bound.

Books lately Printed, &c.

12. Fruitless Inquiry. Being a Collection of several Entertaining Histories and Occurrences, which fell under the Observation of a Lady in her Search after Happiness. *By the Author of Miss Betsy Thoughtless.* 2s 6d bound.

13. History of Sir Harry Herald, with the Adventures of Mr. Charles Herald, and Miss Felicia Blanchman. 3 vols. 9s bound.

14. History of a young lady of Distinction. In a Series of Letters between Madame du Montier, and the Marchioness de ***, her Daughter. Translated from the French of Madame de Beaumont. 2 vols. 6s bound.

15. History of the great Plague which raged in London, in the Year 1665; containing a particular and circumstantial Relation of the Nature, Rise, and Progress of that dreadful Malady: Together with several remarkable Histories of Persons infected. Also a Journal of the Plague at Marseilles, in the year 1720. 5s in Boards, or 6s bound.

Books lately Printed, &c.

16. History of Henry Dumont, Esq; and Miss Charlotte Evelyn. 3s bound.

17. History of Portia. 2 vols. 6s bound.

18. History of the Arabians, under the government of the Caliphs, from Mahomet, their Founder, to the Death of Mostazem, the last Abassian Califf. With Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory. By the Abbé de Marigny. 4 vols. 1l bound.

19. History of my own Life. Being an Account of many of the severest Trials imposed by an implacable Father upon the most affectionate Pair that ever entered the Marriage State. 2 vols. 6s bound.

20. History of Frederick the Forsaken. 2 vols. 6s bound.

21. History and Adventures of Frank Hammond, 3s bound.

22. History of Miss Sally Sable, a Foundling, 2 vols. 6s bound.

23. History of Sir Roger and his son Joe, 2 vols. 6s bound.

24. History of two Persons of Quality, 3s bound.

Books lately Printed, &c.

25. History of Miss Kitty N——.
Containing a faithful and particular
Relation of her Amours, Adventures,
and various Turns of Fortune, in
Scotland, Ireland, Jamaica, and in
England, 3s bound.

26. History of Lady Louisa Stroud,
and the Hon. Miss Caroline Stratton,
2 vols. 6s bound.

27. History of Miss Lucinda Court-
ney; in a Series of Original Letters,
written by herself, to her Friend
Miss Constantia Belmour, 3 vols. 9s
bound.

28. Jilts; or, the Female Fortune-
Hunters, 3 vols. 9s bound.

29. Letter of Consolation to a
Noble Lady, on the Differences be-
tween her and her Lord. 6d

30. Life and surprising Adventures
of Crusoe Richard Davis. 2 vols. 6s
bound.

31. Life and Adventures of Mr.
John Van, a Clergyman's Son, of
Wood-Hay, in Hampshire, 2 vols. 6s
bound.

32. Life

Books lately Printed, &c.

32. Life and Adventures of a Cat,
2s 6d bound.

33. Life of the Swedish Countess
G——, 3s bound.

34. Life and Memoirs of Corporal
Bates, 3s bound.

35. Life and Real Adventures of
Hamilton Murray. Written by him-
self, 3 vols. 9s bound.

36. Moral and Critical Reflections
on several Subjects. Among which
(by way of Illustration) various Cha-
racters are occasionally interspersed.
*By the Author of Emily. ; or, the History
of a Natural Daughter,* 3s bound.

37. Muse in Good Humour ; a Col-
lection of Comic Tales, 2 vols. 6s.
bound.

38. Muse in a Moral Humour : a
Collection of agreeable and instructive
Tales, Fables, Pastorals, &c. 2 vols.
6s bound.

39. Mother-in-law ; or, the Innocent
Sufferer, 2 vols. 6s bound.

40. Nocturnal Revels ; or, an Uni-
versal History and Interpretation of
Dreams, 3s bound.

Books lately Printed, &c.

41. Nothern Memoirs; or, the History of a Scotch Family, 2 vols. 6s bound.

42. Rival Mother; or, the History of the Countess de Salens, and her two Daughters, 2 vols. 6s bound.

43. Reformed Coquet; or, the Adventures of Amoranda, 2s bound.

44. Supposed Daughter; or, the Innocent Impostor, 3 vols. 9s bound.

45. True Merit, True Happiness; exemplified in the entertaining and instructive Memoirs of Mr. S—, 2 vols. 6s bound.

46. Voyages, Travels, and wonderful Discoveries of Captain John Holmesby, 3s bound.

47. Virtuous Criminal; or, the History of Lord Stanley, 2 vols. 6s bound.

48. Ways to kill Care; a Collection of Songs, adapted to all Humours. By Young D'Urfe, 1s 6d sewed.

Just Published, in two Volumes, price 6s Bound.

(Dedicated to the Queen)

The HISTORY of
Miss CLARINDA CATHCART,
AND
Miss FANNY RENTON.

Printed for F. and J. Noble.

Shortly will be Published, Price 2s sewed,

A
COMMENTARY
ON THE
DYSENTERY,
OR
BLOODY FLUX.

Translated from the Original Latin of

Dr. AIKENSIDE.

Printed for F. and J. Noble

